THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MARA'S WOE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Tell me no tales of valor and of glory,
Talk not to me of victories hardly won,
In the unfolding of your chivalric story
I see my life undone.

Mind not to speak my poor dead soldier's praises,
They cannot move my frozen heart to tears;
Your glowing metaphors, and sounding phrases
Fall on unheeding ears.

I only hear the awful roar and thunder
Of bursting shell,—of crashing shot and ball,—
The charge that breaks the rebel ranks asunder,—
The shout of joy o'er all!

I only see—(where victory's flag is flying)
A wounded charger plunging in his pain,—
A fallen rider in his death-throes lying
Among the heaps of slain.

Cease from vain words. Offer no consolation.
You cannot bring him back whom I have lost;
The country's good—the honor of the nation
Is purchased at my cost.

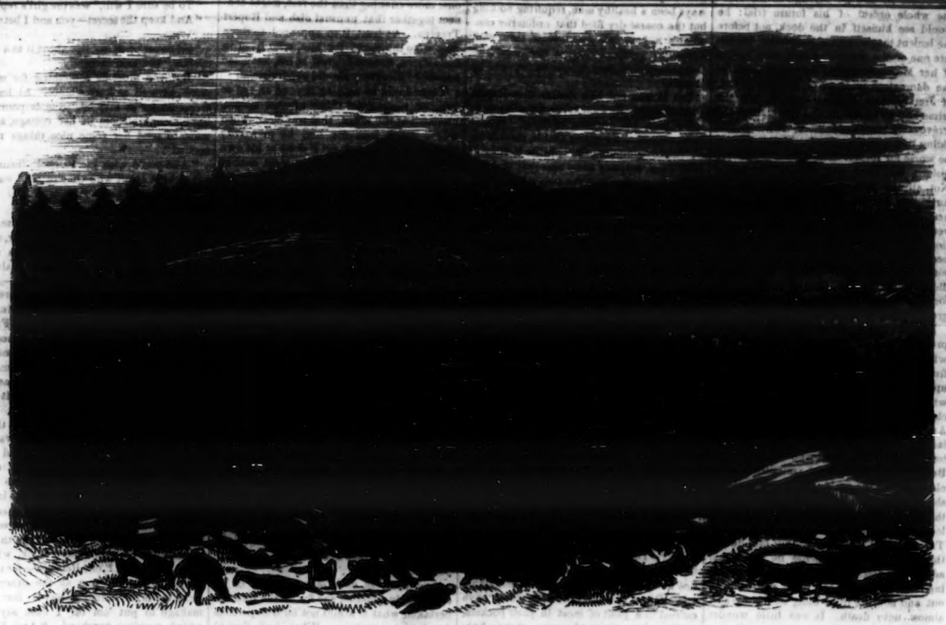
The long, blank, dreary future—righteous Heaven!
Stay my wild thoughts lest haply I go mad.
Oh true, it is not much that I have given,
But it was all I had.

Have I been ill? Your eyes look on me kindly,
With pity in their depths. Ah, now I know
It was God's hand that struck me, when I blindly
Charged you with all my woe.

Your task was sorrowful. Forgive my chidings.
The cup was bitter, but 'twas shared by you;
Dear Friend, the bearer of unlovely tidings
Hath need of pity too.

Tell me the story over. I can never
Suffer the pain of heart-break any more;
The worst is come, and hope is stilled forever,
And doubt and fear are o'er.

The war-trump cannot wake him from his dreaming,
The rush of battle cannot break his rest,
A million swords, with fatal brightness gleaming,
Can never wound his breast.



THE DEVIL'S DEN NEAR GETTYSBURG, THE SCENE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE FIGHT OF THE THREE DAYS BATTLE.

The most terrific fighting during the three days' fight at Gettysburg, was that on the right wing of the rebel army where Longstreet commanded, opposite Round Top Mountain. A correspondent sends us a sketch of "Devil's Den" at this point, a locality which will be visited for the next century by the curious. It is a wild and terrific spot in itself, and with the associations of the great battle and tales that will be handed down of the rebel soldiers who fell down the rocks and were so wedged in that they could not be removed for burial, it will acquire new horrors and interest.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LIV.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR TREVLYN FARM.

There are some happy days in the most monotonous, the least favored life; days on which we can look back always, even to the life's end, and say "That was a red-letter one."

Such a day had arisen for Trevlyn Farm. Perhaps never, since the unhappy accident which had carried away its master, had so joyful a one dawned for Mrs. Ryle and George—certainly never one that brought half the satisfaction; for George Ryle was going up to the Hold that day, money in hand, to clear off the last installment of the debt to Mr. Chattaway.

It was the lifting off them of a heavy tax; it was the removal of a nightmare—a nightmare that had borne them down, that had all but crushed them with its cruel weight. How they had toiled, and striven, and persevered, and saved, George and Nora alone knew. They knew it far better than Mrs. Ryle; she had joined in the saving, but very little in the work. To Mrs. Ryle the debt seemed to have been cleared off quickly—far more quickly than had appeared likely at the time of Mr. Ryle's death. And so it had been. George Ryle was one of those happy people who believe in the special interposition and favor of God; and he believed that God had shown favor to him, and helped him with prosperity. It could not be denied that Trevlyn Farm had been favored with remarkable prosperity since George's reign as it. Season after season, when other people complained of short returns, those of Trevlyn Farm had flourished. Harvests had been abundant; crops had been abundant; cattle, sheep, poultry—all had been richly abundant. It is true that George brought keen intelligence, ever-watchful care to bear upon it; but returns, even with these, are not always satisfactory. They had been so with him in an eminent degree. His bargains in the buying and selling of stock had been always good, yielding him a profit—for he had entered into them somewhat largely—that had never been dreamt of by his father. The farmers around, seeing how all he put his hand to seemed to flourish, set it down to his superior skill, and talked one to another, at their gatherings at fairs and markets, of "young Ryle's cuteness." Perhaps the success might be owing to a very different cause, as George believed—and nothing could have shaken that belief—the special blessing of God.

Yes, in spite of Mr. Chattaway's oppression, they had flourished. It almost seemed to that gentleman like magic, that the payments to him had not only been kept up but increased, in addition to their other expenses. That the debt should be ready to be finally cancelled he scarcely believed, although he had received intimation to that effect.

It did not please him. No; dear as money was to the master of Trevlyn Hold, he had been better pleased to keep George Ryle still under his thumb, unemancipated. *He* had not been favored with the like success; his corn had, some seasons, been thin in the ear; his live stock had been unhealthy; his bargains had turned out losses instead of gains; he had made some bad debts; his coal mine had exploded; his ricks had been burnt. Certainly no extraordinary luck had followed Mr. Chattaway—rather the contrary; and he regarded George Ryle with anger and envy. A great deal more than would have pleased George, had he known it. Not that George cared, in the abstract, whether he had Mr. Chattaway's envy or love; but George wanted to stand so far well with him as to get the lease of his best farm. A difficult task! You'll never do it, George Ryle!

Mr. Chattaway sat in what was called the steward's room that fine autumn morning—but the autumn was merging into winter now. When rents were paid to him, it was where he sat to receive them. It was where the steward, in the old days of Squire Trevlyn, sat to receive them; to see the tenants and work-people upon other matters; to transact the business generally—for it was not until the advent of Mr. Chattaway that Trevlyn Hold had been without its steward or bailiff. In the estimation of Miss Diana, it ought not to be without one now.

Mr. Chattaway was not in a good humor that morning—which is not saying much; but he was in an unusually bad one. A man who rented a small farm of fifty acres under him had been in to pay his annual rent. That is, he had paid part of it, pleading unavoidable misfortune for not being able to make up the remainder, and begging time and grace. It did not please Mr. Chattaway—never a more exacting man than he with his tenants—and the unhappy defaulter wound up the displeasure to a climax by inquiring, innocently and simply, really not meaning any offence, whether any news of the poor young squire had come to light.

Mr. Chattaway had not done digesting the unpalatable remark when George entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Chattaway," was his greeting; and perhaps of all his tenants George Ryle was the only one who did not on these occasions, when they met face to face as landlord and tenant, address him by his coveted title of "squire."

"Good-morning," returned Mr. Chattaway, shortly and snappishly. "Take a seat."

George drew a chair to the table at which Mr. Chattaway sat, and opening a substantial bag, he counted out of it notes and gold and a few shillings in silver, which he divided into two portions; then, with his hands, he pushed each nearer Mr. Chattaway, one after the other.

"This is the year's rent, Mr. Chattaway; and this, I am happy to say, is the last installment of the debt and interest which my father owed—or was said to owe—to Squire Trevlyn. Will you be so good as to give me a receipt in full?"

Mr. Chattaway swept towards him the heap designated as the rent, apparently ignoring the other and what had been said of it.

"What have you deducted from it?" he asked, in an angry tone, as he counted it over and found that it came somewhat short of the sum he expected.

"Not much," replied George, "only what I have a right to deduct. The fences and— But I have the accounts with me," he continued, taking three or four papers from his pocket. "You can look them over."

Mr. Chattaway scrutinized the papers one by one, but he was unable to find anything to object to in the items. George Ryle knew better than to stop money for aught but what fell to the legal cost of the landlord. But it was in Mr. Chattaway's nature to dispute and haggle.

"If I brought this matter of the fences into a court of law, George Ryle, I believe it would be given against you."

"I don't think you believe anything of the sort, Mr. Chattaway," returned George, good-humoredly. "If you have any great wish to try it, you can; but the loss would be yours."

Probably Mr. Chattaway knew that it would be. He said no more, but proceeded to count the other heap of money. It was all there, all that remained to be paid, both of principal and interest. In vain Mr. Chattaway opened his books of the days gone by, and went over old figures; he could not claim another fraction. The long-pending two thousand pounds, the disputed loan, which had caused so much heart-burning, which had led in a remote degree to the violent death of Mr. Ryle, was at length paid off.

"As I have paid former sums, under the same protest that my father did, so I now pay this last and final one," said George in a civil, but straightforward, business-like tone. "I believe that Squire Trevlyn cancelled the debt on his death-bed; have lived in the belief: but there was no document to prove it, and therefore we have had to bear the consequences. It is all, however, honorably paid now."

Mr. Chattaway could not demur to this, and he gave a receipt—in full, as George had expressed it—for that and for the year's rent. As George put the former safely in his pocket-book, he felt like a bird set at liberty from a many years' cruel cage. He was a free man and a joyous one.

"That farm of yours has turned out well of late years," observed Mr. Chattaway.

"Very well; there's the proof," pointing to the money on Mr. Chattaway's desk. "To tell you the truth, I gave myself two years more, good, to pay it off in, and Mrs. Ryle thought it would take longer. But I have been exceedingly prosperous in my bargains with stock. Will you be afraid to try me on a farm on my own account?"

Had it been any eligible body except George Ryle, Mr. Chattaway would probably have said he should not be afraid to try him; but Mr. Chattaway did not like George Ryle. He disliked him, as a mean, ill-principled man will dislike and shun an honorable one. These men cannot help this dislike: as it is said, a certain enemy of ours can't help his dislike to holy water.

"I should think that when you are making Trevlyn Farm answer so well, you would be loth to leave it," remarked Mr. Chattaway in an ungracious tone.

"So I might be, were Trevlyn Farm leased on my own account alone. Of all the returns which have accrued from my care and labor, not a shilling has found its way to me, my individual profit: I have worked entirely for others. But for the heavy costs which have been upon us, the chief of which were Treve's expenses and this old debt of Squire Trevlyn's, there would have been a fair sum to put by yearly, and I imagine my mother would have allowed me to take half as my portion. I believe she intends to do so by Treve, and I hope Treve will make as good a thing of the farm as I have done."

"That's not likely," slightingly spoke Mr. Chattaway.

"He may do well if he chooses; there's no doubt of it; and he can always come to me for advice. I shall not be far away—at least, if I can settle where I hope to do. My mother wishes the lease transferred into Trevlyn's name: I suppose there will be no objection to it?"

"I'll consider of it," shortly replied Mr. Chattaway.

"And now, Mr. Chattaway," George continued, with a smile, "I want you to promise me the lease of the Upland Farm. It will be vacant in spring."

"You are mad to ask it," said Mr. Chattaway. "A man without a shilling—and you have just informed me you don't possess one, have not laid by one—can't expect to take the Upland Farm. That farm's only suitable for a gentleman"—and the master of Trevlyn Hold laid an offensive stress upon the word—"and one who has got his pockets lined with money. I have had an application for the Upland Farm which I [illegible]

[illegible] I shall answer to him for the reference of that, I had much pleasure in [illegible] in my own house, and putting a value to [illegible]

"You had better let it be me," muttered George, not losing his good humor. "What the application made to you by Mr. Peterby?"

Mr. Chattaway stuck his fingers in his knowing to speak. "What if it was?" he reasonably answered.

"Why, then, I can tell you that it will not be repeated. Mr. Peterby's client—I am not sure that I am at liberty to mention his name—has given up the idea. Peterby [illegible] I have told him I want the farm myself, and he says he won't oppose me out of respect for my father's memory; partly because Mr. Peterby has heard of another likely to suit him as well, if not better. All the neighbors would be glad to see me take the Upland Farm."

Mr. Chattaway's breath was nearly driven away with the insolence.

"Had you not better constitute yourself the manager of my estate, and take possession of the Hold, and let my farms to whom you will?" he sarcastically answered. "How dare you interfere with my tenants, or with those who would become my tenants, George Ryle?"

"I have not interfered with them. This client of Mr. Peterby's happened to mention to me that he had asked that firm to make inquiries for him about the Upland Farm, and I immediately rejoined that it was the very farm I was hoping to take myself; and it seems he determined in his own goodwill not to oppose me."

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"One who would not have suited you, if you have set your mind upon the farm's being tenanted by a gentleman," freely answered George. "He is an honest man, and a man whose coffers are well lined through his own industry; but he could not by any stretch of imagination be regarded as a gentleman. It is Cope, the butcher. Since he retired from his shop, he finds his time hang on hand, and has come to the resolve to turn farmer. Mr. Chattaway, I hope you will let it to me."

"It appears to me nothing less than audacity to ask it," was the cold reply. "Pray where's your money to come from to stock it?"

"It's all ready," said George.

Mr. Chattaway looked at him, deeming the assertion to be a joke.

"If you have nothing better to do with your time than to jest it away, I have with mine," was the delicate hint he gave to George.

"But the money *is* ready," continued George. "Mr. Chattaway, I do not wish to conceal anything from you; to be otherwise than entirely open. The money to stock the Upland Farm is going to be lent to me; you will be surprised when I tell you by whom—Mr. Apperley."

The master of Trevlyn Hold was surprised; it was not much in Farmer Apperley's line to lend money. He was too cautious a man.

"It's true," said George, laughing. "He has so good an opinion of my skill as a farmer, or of the Upland Farm's capabilities, that he has offered to lend me sufficient money to enter upon it."

"I should have thought you had had enough of farming land upon borrowed money," ungenerously retorted Mr. Chattaway.

"As I have—looking at it in one point of view," was the composed answer. "But I have managed to clear off the debt, you see, and I don't doubt I shall be able to do the same by Mr. Apperley's. He proposes only a fair rate of interest; considerably less than I have been paying you."

"It is a strange thing that you, a young and single man, should raise your ambitious eyes to the Upland Farm."

"Not at all. If I don't take the Upland, I shall take some other as large. But I should have to go a greater distance, and I don't care to do that. As to my being a single man—perhaps that may be remedied if you will let me the Upland."

He spoke with a laugh, and yet Mr. Chattaway detected somewhat of a serious meaning in his tone. He gazed hard at George. It may be that his thoughts glanced at his daughter, Octave.

There was a long pause.

"Are you thinking of marrying?" demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"Immediately that circumstances shall allow," was the ready answer.

"And who is the lady?"

George shook his head; a very decisive shake in spite of the smile on his lips.

[illegible] you [illegible], Mr. Chesterway? Will you answer it yourself?"

"I suppose I shall if the match ever comes off," replied Mr. Chatteway, in a very much subdued tone of voice. "If it has to wait until you rent the Upland Farm, it may wait some time."

"You will promise me the lease of it, Mr. Chatteway. You cannot fear but I shall do the best justice, or be anything but a good tenant."

"I won't promise anything of the sort," hopelessly answered Mr. Chatteway. "I'll promise you, if you like, that you never shall have the lease of it."

—And, talk as George would, he could not get him into a more genial frame of mind. At length he rose, good-humored, gay, as he had been throughout the interview.

"Never mind for the present, Mr. Chatteway. I shall not let you alone until you promise me the farm. There's plenty of time between now and spring."

As he was crossing the hall on his way to the door he saw Miss Diana Treviyn, and stopped to shake hands with her.

"You have been paying your rent, I suppose," she said.

"My rent and something else," replied George, in his high spirits—and the removal of that incubus which had so long lain on him had sent them up to fever heat. "I have handed over the last installment of the debt and interest, Miss Diana, and have the receipt safe here"—touching his breast-pocket. "I have paid it under protest, as I have always told Mr. Chattaway; for I fully believe that Squire Treviyn cancelled it."

"If I thought that my father cancelled it, Mr. Chattaway should never have had my approbation to press for it," severely spoke Miss Diana. "Is it true that you think of leaving Treviyn Farm? Rumor says so."

"Quite true. It is time I began life on my own account. I have been asking Mr. Chattaway to let me the Upland."

"The Upland! You!" There was nothing offensive in Miss Diana's exclamation; it was spoken in simple surprise.

"Why not?" said George. "I may be thinking of getting a wife; and the Upland is the only farm near that I would take her to."

Miss Diana smiled in answer to his laughing joke, as she thought it.

"The house on the Upland Farm is quite a mansion," she returned, keeping up the jest. "Will no inferior one suffice for her?"

"No. She is a gentlewoman born and bred, and must live as such."

"George, you speak as if you were in earnest. Are you really thinking of being married?"

"If I can get the Upland Farm. But—"

George was quite startled from the conclusion of his sentence. Over Miss Diana's shoulder, gazing at him with a strangely wild expression, was the face of Octave Chattaway, her lips apart, a shining spot of scarlet on her cheeks.

CHAPTER LV.

A DILEMMA IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

About ten days elapsed, and Rupert Treviyn, lying in concealment at the lodge, was both better and worse. A contradiction you will say; and it does sound so. The prompt medicinal remedies applied by Mr. King had effected their object in abating the progress of the fever; it had not gone on to brain fever or to typhus, and the tendency to delirium was stopped; in so far he was better. But these dangerous symptoms had been replaced by others, that might prove not less dangerous in the end: a great prostration, alarming weakness, and what appeared to be a fixed cough. The old tendency to consumption was showing itself more plainly than it had ever done; and in that sense he was worse.

He had had a cough often before, which had come and gone again, as coughs do come to a great many of us; but the experienced ear of Mr. King detected a difference in this one. "It has a nasty sound in it," the doctor privately remarked to George Ryle. Poor Ann Canham, faint at heart lest this cough should be the means of betraying his presence in his hiding-place, pasted up with paper all the chinks of the door and kept it hermetically shut when anybody was down-stairs. Things usually go by contrary, you know; and it seemed that the lodge had never been so inundated with callers as it was now.

Two great cares were upon those cognizant of the secret: to keep Rupert's presence in the lodge from the knowledge of the outside world, and to supply him with nourishing food. Upon none did the first care—it may be more appropriate to call it fear—press so painfully as upon Rupert himself. His anxiety was incessant; his dread, lest his place of concealment should get to the knowledge of Mr. Chattaway, never ceasing. When he lay awake his ears were on the strain for what might be happening down-stairs, for who might be coming in; if he dozed asleep—as he did several times in the course of the day—he would be haunted by dreams of pursuers, and start wildly up in bed fancying he saw Mr. Chattaway entering the room, the police at his heels. For twenty minutes afterwards he would lie hushed in perspiration, unable to get the fright or the vision from his mind.

There was no doubt that this contributed to [illegible] the weakness and to feed the fever. Each day he was more prostrate; what those sudden attacks of perspiration did, and how they tend to make weaker the already weakened frame. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, was the never-ceasing dread of discovery upon Rupert; there was the never-vanishing vision of the future that must succeed that discovery—the felon's exposure and punishment. Let Rupert Treviyn's future be what it might; let the result be the very worst, one thing was certain—that the actual punishment could not be worse than this anticipation of it. Imagination is more vivid than any reality. He would lie and go through in his mind the whole ordeal of his future trial: he would see himself in the dock, not before the lenient magistrates of Barmester, but before one of the scarlet-robed, severe judges of her *Majesty's* realm; he would listen to the damnatory evidence of Mr. Chattaway, of Jim Sanders, bringing home to him the crime and all its shame; he would hear the irrevocable sentence from those grave presiding lips—penal servitude. Nothing could be worse for Rupert than these anticipatory visions, but there was no help for them. Not all the skill that the faculty can put forth, not all the mendicatory drugs, the healing tonics known to science, can prevent the diseased vagaries of the imagination. Had Rupert been in strong bodily health he might have been able to shake off some of these haunting fears; lying as he did in his weakness, they took almost the form of morbid disease, certainly adding greatly to the sickness of body.

His ear strained on the watch (if the expression may be used), he would start up whenever a footstep was heard to enter, from without, the down stairs room, start up breathing softly to Ann Canham or to whoever might be sitting in the closet-chamber with him, "Is that Chattaway?" And Ann would cautiously peep down the ladder of a staircase, or bend her ear to listen, and then tell him who it really was. But, sometimes, several minutes would elapse before she could discover; sometimes she would be obliged to go down and enter the room upon some plausible errand, and look, and then come back and tell him. The state that Rupert would fall into during these moments of suspense no pen could adequately describe: his heart wildly bounding in loud thumps; the water sweat coming out and pouring from him; he feeling sick almost unto death. It was little wonder that Rupert got weaker.

And the fears of discovery were not misplaced. Every hour brought its own danger. It was absolutely necessary that Mr. King should visit him at least once a day, and each time he ran the risk of being seen by Chattaway, or by some one equally dangerous. Old Canham could not fidgn to be on the sick list for ever, especially sufficiently sick to require daily medical attendance. George Ryle ran the risk of being seen entering the lodge; as well as Mrs. Chattaway and Maude, who *could not* abandon their stolen interviews with the poor sufferer. "It is my only happy hour in the four-and-twenty; you must not fail to come to me!" he would say to them, holding out imploringly his trembling and fevered hands. Some evenings Mrs. Chattaway would steal there, sometimes Maude, now and then both of them together.

Overlying it all in Rupert's mind was the sense of guilt, of shame, for having committed so desperate a crime. But that its record was there in the blackened spots where the ricks had been, in his own remembered conviction, he might have doubted being himself the perpetrator. Perhaps, putting apart those moments of madness, which the neighborhood had been content for years to designate as the Treviyn temper, few living men were so little likely to commit the act as Rupert. It may seem an anomaly to say this; but it was so. Rupert was of a mild, meek temperament, of the sweetest disposition in an ordinary way; one of those inoffensive people of whom we are apt to say, they would not hurt a fly. Of Rupert it was literally true: could he have gone out of his way to save harming a fly, he would have gone. Only in these rare fits was he transformed; and never had the fit been upon him as it was that unhappy night.

It was not so much repentance for the actual crime that overwhelmed him, as surprise that he had perpetrated it. He honestly believed that to commit such a crime in his sober senses would be a moral impossibility; were the temptation held out to him, it seemed that he should flee in horror, that he should do violence to himself rather than succumb to it. "I was not conscious of the act," he would groan out; "I was mad when I did it." Yes, perhaps so: but the consequences remained. Poor Rupert, poor Rupert! Remorse was his portion, and he was in truth repenting in sackcloth and ashes.

The other care upon them—the supplying Rupert with appropriate nourishment—brought almost as much danger and difficulty in its train as the concealing him. A worse cook for the sick, or indeed a worse cook of any sort, than Ann Canham, could not well be. The deficiency of the lower class of English in this art, is proverbial, and Ann Canham was a favorable specimen of incapacity in it. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault. Living in extreme poverty all her life, no opportunity for learning or improving herself in cooking had ever been afforded her; and apart from this, she was naturally inapt at it. The greatest luxury that was possible to her was a bit of toasted or boiled bacon. Rupert's meat was none in it was a point rarely offered: on Christmas day Miss Diana took care that a piece of beef should be sent to them,—and Ann managed to cook it somehow. On other high days and festivals they would have a piece of bacon boiled with cabbage, beans, carrots, or field-peas, according to the season, or a rasher toasted with potatoes. Ann Canham could almost as soon have cooked a calf's head as a mutton chop; and of light dishes, soups, milk-puddings, beef-tea, she was entirely ignorant. Old Canham, putting aside his pain and helplessness from rheumatism, had always been a healthy man, requiring nothing but the coarse dry food that ordinarily constitutes a peasant's fare. How, then, with this utter incapacity upon her, was Ann Canham to cook any delicacies required by Rupert?

But it was not sick dishes that Rupert wanted now. As soon as the fever began to leave him, his appetite returned. It may be known to some of you that in cases of incipient consumption, the appetite is unnaturally great, scarcely to be satisfied; and this unfortunately became the case with Rupert. A good portion of a roast fowl twice or thrice a day; a slice or two out of a sirloin of beef; a fine cut from a leg of mutton; these he craved and required. In short, had he been at the Hold, or in any plentiful home, he would have played his full part at the daily meals—breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, and assisted their digestion with interludes of something nice besides.

How was he to get this, or any of it, at the lodge? Mr. King said he must have full nourishment, with wine, strong broths, and other things in addition; it was the only chance, in his opinion, to stop or counteract the weakness that was growing upon him, and which bid fair soon to attain an alarming height. Mrs. Chattaway, George Ryle, even the doctor himself would have been quite willing to supply the cost; but cost, though it goes a great way, generally speaking, is not always everything. It was not here. Where was the food to be cooked?—who was to cook it?—how was it to be smuggled into the lodge? Raw or cooked, who was to get the meat inside the lodge? This may appear a very trifling difficulty in theory, but I assure you in practice it was found almost an insurmountable one. Given that the gentlemen could have carried in a joint of meat in their pockets, or say only a paper of mutton-chops; how were they to get cooked? Had Ann Canham's skill been equal to it—it was not; but let us allow for argument's sake that it was—she would not have dared to cook them in the lodge. The only room possessed of a grate was that front one, opening to the avenue, and only fancy Mr. Chattaway's nose being regaled in passing with the scent of mutton-chops! Only fancy his going in, and seeing a piece of beef or a fowl before the fire! Old Canham with a fowl! Chattaway would have thought the world was coming to an end, or the old man's senses. He would have set on and catechised, and they must have answered beyond hope of escape.

"Where did you get that? Did you steal the fowl?—If not, who gave it to you?"

It was Ann Canham who first suggested this particular drawback.

"Can't you dress a sweetbread?" Mr. King testily asked her, when she was timidly confessing her incapability in the culinary art. "I'd manage to get it up here."

This was the first day that Rupert's appetite came to him, just after the turn of the fever. Ann Canham hesitated.

"I'm not sure, sir," she said, meekly.—"Could it be put in a pot and biled?"

"Put in a pot and biled!" repeated Mr. King, nettled at the question. "Much goodness there'd be in it when it came out! It's just blanched; blanched well, mind you, and dipped in egg and crumbs, and toasted in the Dutch oven. That's the most relishing way of doing 'em."

Egg and crumbs in connection with meat dishes were as much of a mystery to Ann Canham as sweetbreads themselves. She shook her head.

"And if, by ill luck, Mr. Chattaway come in and saw a sweetbread in our Dutch oven afore our fire, sir; or smelt the savor of it as he passed—what then?" she asked.—"What excuse could we make to him?"

This was a phase of the general difficulty which had not before presented itself to the surgeon's mind. It was one that could not well be got over; the more he dwelt upon it, the more he became convinced that it could not.

George Ryle, Mrs. Chattaway, Maude, all, when appealed to, said it could not.—There was too much at stake to permit the risk of exciting any suspicions on the part of Mr. Chattaway; and unusual cooking in the lodge would inevitably excite them.

But it was not only Mr. Chattaway.—Others who possessed noses were in the habit of passing the lodge: Cris, his sisters, Miss Diana, and many more; and some of them were in the habit of coming into it.—Ann Canham was giving mortal offence, was causing much wonder, in declining her usual places of work: and many a disappointed housewife, following Nora Dickson's example, had come up in consequence to invade the lodge and express her sentiments personally upon the point, Ann Canham, than whom one less able to contend, or to hold out against another's strong will, could not be, was driven to the very verge of desperation in trying to found plausible excuses, and she had serious thoughts of making believe to take to her bed herself—had she possessed just then a bed to take to.

No, it was impossible. She could not give out that her father was so poorly "in'ardly" as to render it unsafe to leave him—for all the cautious had to revolve round that one point—and allow her astonished visitors to see a sweetbread egged and crumbed, or any similar dainty, browning delicately in the Dutch oven before the fire. The wonder would have raised a commotion, might spread to the ears of Mr. Chattaway; and one, more cunning than the rest, might connect together that unusual dish and Rupert Treviyn. At least, it so appeared to those who were interested for him, who lived in daily dread, almost as great as his, lest some untoward discovery should supervene.

There could be nothing beyond an egg or two, or some quiet thing of that nature, prepared at the lodge; that was clear. Then where could food for him be prepared? Mr. King could not get it done at his own house, for his wife was the most curious person in all the parish, never at rest until she had ferreted out everybody's business, and was utterly incapable of keeping a secret: as good tell Mr. Chattaway Rupert was in the neighborhood, as tell her. Neither could George Ryle assist much in this. Mrs. Ryle he dared not trust: Nora he was not sure that he might trust. Nora would intend to be faithful, but her propensity for gossip was great, and might cause her unwittingly to betray the secret.

In the dilemma Mrs. Chattaway came to the rescue.

"I will contrive it," she said: "the food shall be supplied from the Hold. My sister does not interfere personally with the preparation of meals, further than to give her orders in the morning, and I know I can manage it."

There appeared, indeed, to be no other way, and the proposition was gratefully received; how gratefully by Ann Canham, and what a relief it was to her, she alone knew.

Mrs. Chattaway went home in high spirits, and then began to consider a little of the practical details necessary for its accomplishment.

And then, as does many another of us, speaking in impulse, she found she had undertaken what it would not be well possible for her to perform. What had flashed across her mind when she spoke was,—"The cook is a faithful, kind-hearted girl, and I know I can trust her."—Mrs. Chattaway did not mean to trust her with the secret of Rupert, but trust her to cook a few extra dishes quietly, and say nothing about it. Yes, she might, she was sure, so far trust her, the girl would cook them and be true: but it now struck Mrs. Chattaway with a sort of horror, to ask herself how she was to get them away when cooked. She could not go into the kitchen herself, get the meat, or fowl, or jelly, or whatever it might be, put in a basin, and tie a cloth round it—as she had seen the laborers' wives bring their dinners—and walk off with it to the lodge. If she bade the cook bring it to her sitting-room up-stairs, it might be seen by one or other of her children, who would ask five hundred questions as to its destination. Alas! alas! Mrs. Chattaway wrung her hands and wondered whether Rupert must be suffered to starve.

It was somewhat curious, but at this moment, while she was deliberating, the cook herself knocked at the door of her sitting-room. In the absence of Miss Diana, who was spending the evening from home, the girl had come to ask orders upon some point from Madam Chattaway. She was a somewhat rough-looking woman as to features; but though her face was harsh, it was honest and sensible; and none of all the servants had shown deeper respect and sympathy for her mistress than she. She was generally called by her Christian name in the house—Rebecca.

"It's about the ham, madam," she said, as she came in. "Miss Diana said something this morning about having one of the old hams cooked to-morrow, but she did not give positive orders, and I don't know what to be at. If it is to be cooked it must be put in soak to-night."

Mrs. Chattaway was just as ignorant as the girl as to the housekeeping intentions of Miss Diana; but she told her, as the shortest way of ending it, to put the ham in soak. She had been rapidly making up her mind to speak then, and she turned to the door herself and closed it.

"Rebecca, I am going to trust you with a slight matter that I wish kept between ourselves, and to ask you to do me a little service. I think I can trust you," she added, looking confidingly into the honest face that was gazing at her.

"I should hope you could, madam," replied the girl, recovering her surprise. "I'll do anything to serve you that I can."

"It is not much that I want done," said Mrs. Chattaway. "I—have a poor pensioner, Rebecca, very sick and ill—at least very weak; and—and—she—requires a good deal of strengthening nourishment," continued Mrs. Chattaway, far more hesitatingly than would have been expedient to any penetrating listener who might be given to suspicion. She was making up the story as she went on, and she thought it quite a point to have her cook—the recipient of nothing the producer knew.

"And when then, madam?" inquired Rebecca, interrupting that pause.

"You know, Rebecca, the cruelty, and—and perhaps Miss Diana—do not like my giving away and interfering with the poor; perhaps they think I am easily imposed upon: which is true. Miss Diana gives away a great deal on her own account, and she certainly knows more about the different claims than I. But still—in short, Rebecca, a case of great distress on the estate has been brought under my notice, and I wish to relieve it myself privately: but I can't do it without you. Will you help me?"

"To be sure I will," was the girl's reply.

"And keep the secret—you and I between us?"

"I'll never open my lips about it to a soul, madam," she said earnestly.

"But you must do something for me in secret, as well as keep silence. At least in secret as far as may be. She is poor and has no conveniences in her cottage, and I want to send her some nice things ready cooked."

"And you'd wish me to cook them, and say nought about who they're for," was the ready interruption. "Madam, it's easy done."

"I'll make you every recompense, Rebecca. She is a person who has never, never wanted charity before, and she is much valued by me. Her life is of value to me, Rebecca—do you understand?—and I shall spare nothing that may restore her. You must be as particular in dressing the things as though they were for me. First of all you shall make some strong beef tea and some strong calves'-foot jelly, and you shall cook a fine fowl—and you must manage to get all that's necessary for this as if it were for the household, and keep it from Miss Diana. Can you do so?"

Rebecca considered. She thought there'd not be much difficulty about it. It was easy enough to go to the poultry-yard and order a fowl killed, and the butcher of course brought up anything he was told to bring. "The worst is, the young ladies are inquisitive," she said aloud. "They are often running into the kitchen, and of course they see what's going on, and, Madam, they ask all manner of questions. 'Cook, who are those creams for?' or 'Rebecca'—for they as often call me the one as the other—'are those fowls for dinner to-day?' But I can manage to put 'em off, I dare say," she added, nodding her head. "And, Madam, where am I to send the things to when done?"

It was the worst question of all. "You must not send them. I—I must manage to take them myself. If—"

"Shall I take them?" eagerly interrupted Rebecca in her anxiety to oblige. "I'll do it with pleasure."

"No, Rebecca, I must take them myself, I think. I am so anxious this should not be known. Get the beef tea ready as soon as you possibly can to-morrow morning, put it in a small milk-can or a bottle, and bring it up to me here. I'll manage the rest. Take care that you are not seen bringing it. You will be sure to be true?"

The ill-concealed anxiety with which the last injunction was urged astonished Rebecca considerably. But she reiterated her assertion that she would be true, and left the room.

Mrs. Chattaway saw no cause to doubt the girl; quite the contrary. But nevertheless a strange sense of uneasiness lay upon her own heart, and she felt she had undertaken that which it might be found was impossible to perform.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A school for poor children having read in their chapter in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by the benevolent patroness, Lady ——, as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Eating camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

☞ REMEMBER.—Very pure water has no fishes in it; the man who is too clear-sighted has but few acquaintances.

☞ Correspondents should remember that by the new postage law, if the amount of the postage stamp upon the letter does not fully prepay it, *double the amount of the deficiency* is charged to the receiver. Thus a letter weighing the merest fraction over half an ounce, if prepaid with but a single stamp, is burdened with an additional postage of six cents, which the receiver must pay.

☞ The Richmond Dispatch, after reviewing the recent rebel losses, falls back very appropriately upon the desperate consolation of Milton's devil:

——"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost! The unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
All these remain."

☞ Why Miss Dodge, the piquant Atlantic contributor, calls herself "Gail Hamilton" is this: Her name is Abi *gail*, and her residence is *Hamilton*, Essex county, Mass. The Boston Post impudently says she is "single and thirty."

☞ Every man that finds a nest of golden eggs should be allowed to cackle over them.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We can not undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Horseposts, Catalogues, Broke of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 306 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE WAR.

The last advices we have from Charleston, are by way of Richmond. By the loss and admissions of the rebel papers of that city, we judge that the walls of Fort Sumter are slowly going down before the enormous balls which General Gilmore is delivering against it. If his batteries cannot be silenced, the reduction of Sumter appears inevitable. The rebels probably will blow the fort up, however, when they are no longer able to hold it.

The Richmond papers say that Sumter is not the main defence of Charleston, and that—if the worst comes to the worst—they will defend that city street by street, and house by house. It may be so, though we are rather disposed to doubt it. So soon as it becomes evident that Charleston can not longer be successfully defended, we think the good sense of the rebel Generals will lead them to surrender it. Its destruction would hurt only their own people, not the assailants. No city should imitate the example of Moscow, except under similar circumstances. The burning of Moscow was an instance of high military skill—the destruction of Charleston by the rebels would be simply an act of folly.

In the West, it is stated, Gen. Rosecrans is in motion against Chattanooga. This time, we are inclined to think, the Union forces will recover East Tennessee. Rosecrans is probably acting in conjunction with Burnside. The loss of East Tennessee by the rebels would be another serious blow to them. It would also greatly aid in securing Kentucky from further invasion.

On the Mississippi there seems to be little doing at present, save in the way of cavalry dashes, just to keep both parties from going to sleep. The hot weather, and the necessity of rest after their heroic labors, enjoin upon Grant and Banks the policy of repose.

There are rumors again of another march of Gen. Lee northward. Lee thinks perhaps that the Army of the Potomac must be attacked before it is strengthened by the fresh recruits obtained under the draft. Meade seems to be calmly awaiting the time for new movements on the now world-famous line of the Rappahannock. When his regiments are again filled up to their full strength, and the weather becomes a little more bracing, probably the gallant Army of the Potomac will be ready to do its part in hunting the rebel lion to its last lair.

NEW DOCTRINES.

One of the Beecher family, the Rev. Charles Beecher, has been found guilty of preaching heretical sentiments at Georgetown, Massachusetts, and the Ecclesiastical Council has recommended his dismissal. He is said to be a convert to the views of his brother Edward, a D. D. of Galesburg, Ill., on the subjects of the pre-existence of human souls, and of "Divine sorrow." The former doctrine will be understood without explanation; the latter, that of "Divine Sorrow," teaches that the Deity is actively and constantly unhappy in consequence of the ill doings of men. The expressions to that effect in the Scriptures, being taken, we suppose, to be literally true. Mr. Beecher is sustained by his congregation, who will not dismiss him in compliance with the verdict of the Council.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUSTIN ELLIOT. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Ravenshoe," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by J. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Henry Kingsley, as a novelist, bids fair to achieve a reputation and popularity scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of his brother. His three novels evince a steady progression in artistic excellence which promises still more for the future, while they overflow with buoyant, earnest, Nineteenth-century life. "Austin Elliot" is not only a delightful novel, but an exponent and assistant to the best and most liberal thoughts of Young England. As compared with its predecessors from the same pen, it gives us, indeed, no more vivid and glowing pictures than the scenes of Australian life in "Geoffry Hamlyn,"—the training of Sam, the hero, and the breathless race for life, and love and honor, in which his story culminates;—nor no better character-painting than the portrait of old Lady Ascot, in "Ravenshoe;" but as a whole the present work is more

hospitalities, better behaved, and with a higher call to its domestic excellence.

Annie, the hero, is as fine a specimen of a high-bred, high-spirited, gallant young Saxon as we remember in any book, and nothing in his character is more charming than the devoted affection and confidence between himself and his father; though the manner in which this loving son "chaffs" his parent is something surprising as a picture of the filial relation, even in this day when the bonds of traditional obedience and reverence are slackening so rapidly.

There is much pathos, but still more good comedy in this book. Old James, the footman, with his chronic squabbles with Aunt Maria, and with "they dratted glass-breaking minxes," the servant maids, is the most amusing specimen of the latter.

All the characters and their coloring are essentially English, and a few strong phrases seem to hint that the author himself has no great love for his brethren on this side of the Atlantic; yet this, like other good modern English books, presses upon us afresh the conviction of the close brotherhood and almost identity of the nations which Richard Grant White distinguishes as "British Anglo-Saxons and American Anglo-Saxons." John Bull and Brother Jonathan may bicker and even throw stones, but after all they feel themselves kindred as no other nations can be. An aristocratic and conservative government may impel the public measures of Great Britain in a course obnoxious to us, and unfriendly journals may do their best to foment ill-feeling, but a common language, a common literature, and common aims for the advancement and elevation of the race, hold us closely bound together in spite of all.

THE LIGHT AND DARK OF THE REBELLION. Published by Geo. W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SIGHTS A FOOT. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," "No Name," &c., &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

SEA BATHING.

I associate a vast amount of discomfort with sea-bathing. No man can bathe within a reasonable distance of his abode, at least at any ordinary watering-place: women and children monopolize the beach, and he must walk a couple of miles to get into fit retirement before he can divest himself of his garments. After all, the place he is fain to content himself with is, possibly, the reverse of eligible. Then, getting in and out, one's feet and ankles get sadly cut and bruised on sharp rocks and flinty pebbles. The claws of a malignant crab, too, will sometimes close upon one's toes, to the woful laceration of the humble but highly sensitive members in question. While a stray jelly-fish, suddenly winding its long fibrous streamers around one's legs or body, stings and maddens with a torture beyond description. But suppose you come scatheless out of the water, then begins the cold, shivering operation of dressing in, perhaps, a cutting, biting wind. Ugh! There is nothing more miserable than this; nothing, let me add, more utterly humiliating. To see a man getting into his clothes after a bath in the sea is about as humbling a sight as may be. I once saw a dignitary of the church in the circumstances. I accompanied him to have a dip off some famous rocks much frequented by bathers who like a dive and a swim in deep water. He was a great man; he was a good man. Till then, I had always respected him; looked, up to him with veneration; in truth, stood somewhat in awe of him. That awe has vanished. His breeches did it—the struggle to get into them, the all but ineffectual struggle! Let me recall the scene and act. There was but one flat, smooth piece of rock, about a foot square, on which with his bare feet he could stand; all around was sharp, jagged, and prickly; to set a bare foot down on it was to have it literally hashed to pieces. Well, picture to your mind a tallish, fat man, (between ourselves, he was more than fat, he was flabby) benumbed with the cold, cutting, east wind, his hands rigid and stiff, his eyes bleared and blinking with the salt water that would keep trickling down into them from his hair, his nose blue and pinched, hopping wildly upon one foot till the other was inserted into a leg of his pantaloons (his first effort resulted in his putting it into the wrong leg, and having with much difficulty to extract it again); then hopping wildly on that till the like feat was performed with the still uninvested limb. Dignity after that! Awe or veneration after that! I have been quite at my ease in the great man's presence ever since. In fact, I rather patronize him now.

☞ AMEN.—Dr. Gulick, of the Micronesian Mission, says that when translating selections from the Gospel, the translator was long in doubt what native word to use to signify "Amen." After careful inquiry among the natives, he hit upon what he supposed would most nearly give its idea. Want was his surprise to find, awhile later, that his synonym for the devout word which ends the Christian's prayer had the equivocal sense of—*dry up!*

☞ The more ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those acquire the best carriage who do not ride in one.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE HOSPITALS AT GETTYSBURG

The following letter from Doctor Gordon Winslow, of the United States Sanitary Commission, will be found to contain an interesting description of the army hospitals at Gettysburg, together with a touching recognition of the services of the Sanitary Commission on the part of Confederate surgeons:

GETTYSBURG, August 13.

I thank you for your letter of the 8th instant, just received. You seem interested in our hospital matters, and I am quite disposed to afford any details that may be desired. I will be as specific as circumstances will allow. The camp hospital is called Camp Letterman, and is about a mile from Gettysburg. It occupies an elevated plateau or table-land of some fifty acres overlooking the town and the extensive battle fields for miles around. This, comprising the Round Top, Flat Top, (or, as it is now called, Weed's Hill,) the Cemetery Hill, the college, and seminary, make up the foreground of the picture, and in the distance are spurs of the Blue Ridge mountains, with undulating lines of rich, deep indigo along the horizon. The site of the camp and the surrounding fields were occupied by the rebels when attempting to turn our left wing. The tents are arranged in military order, of the usual hospital size, in double rows, backed together; each opening upon avenues twenty yards wide on either front, forming six double rows with avenues some three hundred yards long, rendering the camp nearly square. On the north, northeast, and west are primitive groves of tall hickory and oak, cleared of the underbrush, in which are situated on the northeast a row of tents for officers, surgeons in attendance, lady nurses, and the large store tents of the Sanitary Commission, five in number, with tents cook-house, &c., &c. Along the line on the north are arranged the commissary tents, the kitchen, some seventy feet long by thirty wide, surrounded by huge boilers, &c., an ice house, a bakery, and sundry tents for attendants, &c. Farther back in the woods are the quarters of the guard, nearly surrounding the whole. A strict police is kept up. I had forgotten to say that across the east end, nearly at right angles with the officers' tents, is a row of tents for rebel officers, numbering some eighty to one hundred, who are kindly cared for. The whole number of patients is now about *fourteen hundred*, of whom there are over 900 of the worst class of wounds, viz:

Penetrating wounds, of the chest,	70
Penetrating wounds, abdomen,	28
Penetrating wounds, pelvis,	85—183
Compound fractures, thigh,	171
Compound fractures, leg,	89
Compound fractures, arm and forearm,	90—350
Amputations, thigh,	126
Amputations, leg,	174
Amputations, arm and forearm,	136—436
Total,	969

Dr. C. N. Chamberlin is at present the surgeon-in-chief, assisted by three division and some fifty ward surgeons.

From the commencement of the rebellion the Sanitary Commission has maintained its position as a most wise, humane, and efficient aid to the government in mitigating the horrors of war in many important respects. Its agents are on every battle-field, in every camp, and every hospital, to rescue the unfortunate sufferer from the miseries of neglect and untimely death. This is felt and appreciated by the confederate as well as Union soldiers. At the late battle two of the agents of the Sanitary Commission were captured, and are now in Libby prison, Richmond. The moment this was known to the rebel surgeons in our hospitals they united in a petition to General Lee for their release. The petition is worth recording, and is as follows:

"The undersigned surgeons of the confederate army, now in charge of the several hospitals within the Union lines at and about Gettysburg, beg leave to testify to our general-in-chief in favor of the United States Sanitary Commission as a most praiseworthy and charitable institution. Through its kind provisions *our* hospitals are supplied with many comforts which are of inestimable value to our wounded and suffering men. While the promptness with which their agents follow on the heels of battle enables them to dispense an immense amount of relief to the unfortunate sick and wounded soldiers on either side, it also necessarily exposes them to any reverse of fortune which may oblige them to ask protection from the successful party. Thus, during the late battle of Gettysburg, four of the agents of the Sanitary Commission fell into our hands, and as we learn are now held as prisoners of war. We respectfully submit that as these men were taken without arms, and while in the employ of their charitable office as almoners of the Sanitary Commission to the wounded soldiers of either party, they be released from restraint and permitted to return to their work of benevolence and good will."

The above was signed by some twelve of the chief surgeons of the Confederate army, and directed to General Lee.

GORDON WINSLOW.

The following letter has been handed to us for publication:—

SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., July 20, 1863.

MY DEAR DOCTOR BELLOWS:—I feel as if I could never thank you too much for the aid rendered by yourself and other members of the Sanitary Commission to the wounded at Gettysburg. But for you and the other benevolent persons who came to our relief, things would have gone much harder with the sufferers than they did.

Your labors were of such a character as to call forth the commendations of all who knew of them, and I should be neglectful of my duty if I did not tell you how deeply grateful I am for all you have done.

Yours, sincerely,
WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,
Surgeon-General.

CARLISLE, PA., Aug. 13th, 1863.

MRS. GRIMS,

Madam:—I have the honor to report that at your suggestion I visited Camden, N. J., and Eddington, Bucks Co., Pa.

At the former place there was an existing Soldiers' Aid Society, the President of which, Miss Catharine Browning, I found much interested in the cause.

A meeting was appointed for Thursday evening, the 6th, at which time and place I set forth the objects of the Sanitary Commission, and its mode of operation in its various departments.

The meeting was small, owing partly to the extreme heat, and partly to the fact that many families who are interested are absent from the city. Those present seemed interested, and expressed themselves as 'ated with the Sanitary Commission as a worthy channel through which to aid the sick and wounded soldiers. The ladies of Camden will be heard from in the shape of supplies.

At Eddington a meeting was appointed for Monday evening, the 10th. The gathering, although not large, was composed of earnest, zealous people. An Aid Society was organized in the church before we separated, with Mrs. Prof. Allen for President, and Mrs. Ashton for Secretary, with several Vice Presidents, and some young ladies as a Committee on Ways and Means. If all signs do not fail, you may expect active co-operation from the ladies of Eddington.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant in the noble work.

JOHN H. GRIMS,
Organizing Agent,
U. S. Sanitary Commission.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penna. Branch acknowledges the receipts of the following additional supplies:—

1 box, Bloomsburg, raspberry vinegar.
1 box, Miss Ellen Young, Northumberland.
3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Northumberland.
From Wellsboro since 28th July 4 boxes, 12 barrels and 1 keg of pickles, Miss L. E. Moore.
From Patriot Daughters of Lancaster 1 barrel Aug 7th, 1 box Aug. 10th, 1 barrel Aug. 12th.
1 barrel, Little Meadows.
1 box, Zanesville Aid Society.
4 boxes, General Aid, Trenton, N. J.
1 box, unknown.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. M. L. Jones.
1 pkg., Mrs. James Belding.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Whitpain, Centre Square, Montgomery county, S. A. Conard, Sec'y.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid Society, Monroe.
1 barrel, Dimmock, Susquehanna county.
1 box, unknown.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid Society, Attleboro, Bucks county, Hannah G. Rowland, Sec'y.
1 box, 1 barrel, Aid Society, Pittston, Luzerne county, N. Y. Robertson, Sec'y.
1 pkg., ladies of St. Mark's Church, Mrs. Williams, Sec'y.
1 cask, Mrs. Appleton, Newburyport, Mass. Through Mrs. Nudd.
1 barrel, Women's Branch Aid Society, Great Bend, Susquehanna, T. D. B. Chase, Sec'y.
1 box, Mrs. E. F. Wilson and sister, Belvidere, N. J.
1 box, Women's Soldiers' Aid, East-Lee, Mass
1 pkg., St. James's Church. Through Miss Green.
1 box, No. 20, Soldiers' Aid Society, Bethlehem, Miss F. J. Hueffel, Pres.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mahoney, Mrs. Thompson, Sec'y.
1 box, No. 1, Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Dimock, Mrs. D. Thomas.
1 box, Kennet Aid Society, Kennet Square, Chester county, Mrs. Darlington.
1 box, Mrs. D. S. Spooner, Boston.
2 pkgs., Dr. Brainerd's Church, Phila., Mrs. Farr, Sec'y.
1 pkg., a Friend.
1 pkg., a Friend.
1 pkg., Mrs. Ellis.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, McConnellsburg, Mrs. McConnell.
1 barrel, Jackson, Pa., no name.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, E. Donnel, Sec'y.
2 boxes, 2 kegs, Ayr township.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Espy, Columbia county, Mrs. M. C. Edgar, Sec'y.
3 boxes, General Aid Society, Trenton, N. J., Mrs. Johnson, Sec'y.
1 keg, 1 basket, 1 box, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Pughtown.
2 pkgs., Women's Contrib. Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haren.

☞ The attempt to set Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel to "the light fantastic toe," was a failure. "Blanchie Negri," the ballet based on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was danced *one night* only at Her Majesty's in London. We now read that "Le Cabina de Tom," a drama founded on the same work, is nightly performed at the Teatro Ballon, in Cadiz, with immense success.

☞ DEFENCE AGAINST MOSQUITOES.—A lady writes to the Rural New Yorker that the annoyance of mosquitoes may be effectually avoided by closing one's chamber and burning a teaspoonful of brown sugar on some live coals or shavings. The insects become paralyzed at once. Doubtful.

☞ THE CASE OF REV. CHARLES BEECHER.—The Congregational Church, at Georgetown, Massachusetts, of which Rev. Charles Beecher is pastor, refused to accept the report of the Council charging that gentleman with heresy. By this action the church sustains their pastor against the decision of the Council.

☞ Good lawyers, like good ministers, are the salt of a nation; but a one horse lawyer is a nuisance in any community.

☞ As marriage was not designed for infants, children should not be allowed to pop the question before they are weaned.

☞ As a proof of what the postage-stamp collecting mania has come to, it may be mentioned that a rather complete collection of postage stamps of ninety-five countries of the world, alphabetically arranged, (eight hundred and fifty eight stamps in all, with ninety-six envelopes,) was advertised for sale the other day, in Paris, for fifteen hundred francs.

☞ *Affectionate watchmaker to his wife.*—My little jewel!

Loving wife.—My little jeweller!

FEDERAL SPIES IN A REBEL FORT.

A Confederate officer, one of the prisoners taken at Port Hudson, is writing an account of the siege of that place, and of the two talking places within the lines, one of which, Miss Catharine Browning, I found much interested in the cause.

"Just before the assault, a Yankee deserter came over on the ferry flat from the Federal Corps there and directed their guns immediately to the office of the provost marshal. The object of the twain was dressed in deep mourning, but with due regard to a display of elegance. The young deserter started in search of some one to whom the evening promenade was then for travelling, while her countenance, glowing with natural and artificial colors, and radiant with smiles, rivalled the gorgeousness of her costume. After much input of time, and with unlady and disconsolate, she can be said to have been "gotten up regardless of expense." As the folds of her dress were lost to sight within the environs walls of the provost marshal's building, a tall, stern featured soldier from the same vessel stepped slowly down, and after buttoning his shawl of a long flannel sigh, exclaimed with an earnestness of tone that showed it came from the inmost recesses of the heart, "Oh! aren't she a screamer, though?"

What all the ease and nonchalance of a long experienced in the world, the younger lady introduced herself and her vocabulary pursuits as refugees from New Orleans. The tale of wrong and oppression, of individual suffering and of hair-breadth escapes, was not told, Mississippi, delivered with a greater degree of skill and a rapidity of utterance that proved the rebuke to possess rare conversational powers. Minutes lengthened into hours, and hours rolled by unheeded by the constantly increasing auditory, whose eyes and ears were so intently fixed upon the fair subjects were so keenly watchful of the younger and more impressible, as were ready to saddle their horses and start off at a hand gallop, resolved to avenge that fair creature or return nevermore.

Mother and daughter expressed themselves anxious to go and visit a son and husband who, they asserted, was battling for their beloved cause on a distant field of glory, but yet such was their fatigue they would be compelled to remain a few days in Port Hudson to rest. Escorted by gallant young officers, who exerted themselves to be worthy the star of their fair visitors as interesting as possible, they saw all the works then in progress, as well as the different camps, where at dress parade the number of troops could readily be ascertained by a looker-on. The ladies were charmingly ignorant about artillery and fortifications, and after obtaining an accurate explanation of everything they saw, would protest that it was such an intricate subject, and there were so many technical terms necessary, they could not see how one could ever understand such things. "Now do tell me, how far can this thing shoot?" asked the younger one of her chaperone. The officer carefully explained the range of the gun up and down the river. "And don't it fire any further than that tree?" asked his attentive listener. "That is its extreme range," he answered, "at least for the highest elevation we can give it here." "You don't say so," she responded, with the merriest little laugh in the world; "I am a perfect child in such matters; why I would have thought it could shoot five times as far."

But when another day had passed, the "maid of the radiant smiles" and her mother had departed, bound, so they said, for Jackson, Mississippi, leaving a cloud of sadness, perhaps, over a heart or two. The presence of such charming visitors are green oases in the desert of a soldier's life, and their absence was still being mourned when it was learned that instead of going to Jackson, Mississippi, they had made their way without loss of time back to New Orleans, Madisonville, and Lake Pontchartrain. The fact was not generally known, however, and those who had so generously and assiduously helped the visitors to obtain the particulars they came to seek, hugged to their bosoms that good old motto which consolingly says, "Least said soonest mended."

THE MISSISSIPPI CHANGED COLOR.—We noticed on Saturday that the river was dyed the deepest green, and that the surface of the water was overspread with a thin scum of the same color. It has been in this remarkable condition for several days, and we can find no one who is at all capable of giving a single reason for it. The matter perplexes the oldest steamboatmen, who declare that they never beheld anything like it before. This scum is on the water as far up as Cincinnati, we understand, and perhaps above there, for we have no intelligence on the subject above that point. The same is the case down the river for hundreds of miles. Such a thing is certainly a very mysterious phenomenon here, and we do not know how to account for it. Great fears are entertained that it will produce sickness in this neighborhood and along the river.—*Louisville Journal*

SINGULAR.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Union of 14th ult., says that, about the 1st of July Dr. McGill, of that city, in operating upon the head of a female patient, extracted three lumps, each about the size of a bean. One of these he preserved in a china box, enclosed with a tight lid. A few weeks ago, upon examination, it was found to be a living worm. The doctor intends to keep it and see how much longer it will live; or what transformations may take place.

☞ MUMMIES.—A traveller in "those parts" thinks that the Catacombs of Egypt contain more human bodies than there are people now living on the globe. These mummies are now wholly destitute of any animal matter. It has all changed into a resinous substance or decayed. They are taken from the Catacombs to be exported, and to be used for fuel. The finest are exported whole, as objects of curiosities for museums. Certain parts, as the inside of a head and chest, are sold as a drug, and the back bone is ground into powder, which is highly prized by artists.

☞ FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—The prevailing idea that lightning always strikes the tallest of a group of objects was disproved at Woonsocket, R. I., on Monday, when a cottage entirely surrounded by higher buildings and trees received the whole of a stroke.

DUST TO DUST:

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a hole to expel the winter's flaw!"

Dr. Kemp, an English chemist, is a recent work on his favorite science, remarks:—"So it is, that as we all spring from putrefaction, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so, in like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of putrefaction to the dead world. The muscle of the strong man, the bloom of beauty, the brain of the philosopher, must once more rot, as, doubtless, they have often rotted before, and are destined, in the endless chain and circumstance of terrestrial nature, to rot again. The head that writhes with agonies, may, the very brain that conceives the system of the cemetery, or the duties of the country church yard. May, also the matter of that eye which reads this saying, and of the brain that receives that saying, and is, perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of incongruous matter; and the time cannot be very distant ere some have to mourn over those terrible words read over it, of 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes.' The very tone of affection was once water and a little rock-salt; and after a little time it will be water and rock-salt once more."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Write upon pages of a single size,
Cross all your T's and neatly dot your I's;
On one side only let your lines be seen;
Both sides filled up announce a verdure green.
Correct, yes, re-correct all that you write;
And let your ink be *black*, your paper *white*,
For spohgy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practised writer more.
Make a clean copy, one that can be read
By poorest eyes that ever were in head.
Then send it off; and lest it merit lack,
Enclose the postage stamps to bring it back;
But first, pay *all* the postage on it, too,
For editors look black at "eightpence due,"
And murmur as they run the effusion o'er:
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore!"
Yet, ere it goes, take off a copy clean:
Authors should have a copying machine—
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting pieces vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the Editor your friend.

NEWS ITEMS.

An exchange says that the many friends of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt (now Mrs. William F. Ritchie) will be glad to hear that, though her husband is editor of Jeff Davis's especial organ, she is invincibly loyal to the Stars and Stripes. She is living in England, and is said to have lately come into possession of a handsome property.

TOUCHING STEEL sword scabbards. The battalion of light infantry of the French Imperial Guard use scabbards which contract to half their length when the sword is drawn. This arrangement is said much to facilitate movements in the field.

A COUPLE were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York, and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy of the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: *"I don't keer a durn; there's plenty more men in the world, anyhow!"*

THE INDIANS AND THE OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.—When the poles of the Overland telegraph was first put up, the Indians insisted upon cutting them down. They thought the buffaloes were to be fenced in. Much delay and trouble arose from this cause. Resort was at last had to "strategy, my boy." The Indians were told that it was along this wire that the spirit of the Great Father travelled from ocean to ocean. They were incredulous until they took hold of the wire, and received a shock which nearly knocked them over. That convinced them; and since that day no Indian has cut down a telegraph pole between Leavenworth and Denver.

☞ An Irish nobleman having lived to a great age in a very feeble and imbecile condition, it occurred to one of his tenants to suggest to his son and heir:—"Don't you think, sir, may-be the poor ould Lord had been *forgotten* up there (pointing to the sky) this while past? If your honor was to take him up to the top of Slieve na More and *show him a little*, wouldn't it be a good chance?"

☞ Vicksburg was laid out in 1822 by Newit Vick, and incorporated in 1825. It has always been celebrated for its fine fruits and vegetables, and for its short-lived editors. Seventeen of this unfortunate class have come to an untimely end by the duello, street fights, or suicide, since the establishment of the Vicksburg Whig, the first newspaper published there.

☞ Miss Louisa Golden, of Blacksville, Greene county, lost one of her eyes last week by entering a dark closet in haste. The latch, or something connected with it, penetrated her eye and tore it entirely out.

LATER.

☞ Mrs. HARROW, of Upper King street, Holborn, was lately taken before a magistrate in London, and fined one shilling and costs, for having an "unsightly and disgusting exhibition" in front of her shop, such exhibition being no more nor less than a number of large crinolines. What would the magistrate of Holborn think if he should take a walk in one of our thoroughfares?

☞ Professor Clement C. Moore, who died on the 13th of July, at Newport, Rhode Island, was the author of those celebrated verses, "A Visit from St. Nicholas." He was a son of the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and was born at Newtown, Long Island, about the year 1778. He was very wealthy.

☞ AT WORK.—The Springfield Republican says that young men who have neglected to support their mothers for several years, have suddenly set about earning something, so as to claim exemption as being the sole support of a dependent maternal. We may now expect to see the gatherings on the street corners subside.

☞ A young man who had struck a 2.40 gait yesterday, was asked for what was his hurry, when he replied that a lady had rejected him twice, but he thought she must be in the "melting mood" now, if ever, and he was on his way to avail himself of the softening influences of the season.

☞ A correspondent writes us that a husband was recently seen to *collar* his wife, take her to the *watch* house, and there *ring* her ears. Strange to tell, the loving young creature was actually delighted with such attentions from her husband.

☞ A TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.—One of our Western villages had passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquors on the Sabbath, to any person except travellers. The next Sunday every man in town was seen wa king around with a valise in one hand and a pair of saddle-bags in the other.

☞ A number of wealthy Americans have taken up their residences at Leamington, Warwickshire, England, this year.

☞ Among the exemptions from the draft in Boston was one case on the ground of "baldness." The sale of hair regenerators will experience a decline among those from 20 to 35 whose pates boast but little of the hirsute covering.

☞ Miss Adah Isaacs Menken left California on the 5th of July to play her profitable engagement of two hundred nights at Maguire's Opera House. Her husband, Mr. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr,) who has been for some time in impaired health, accompanied her.

☞ A paper has been started in Yazoo City called the *Yazoo Daily Yankee*, published by "Messrs. Mudsill, Small Fisted Farmer, Greasy Mechanic & Co."

☞ A fact'ory's idea of wedlock—one of the casual-ties of life.

IN THE JUNE TWILIGHT.

Suggested by Miss Parry's Picture of "Tam Samem Gum Locum."

By the Author of "John Bellfrie, Gentleman."

In the June twilight, in the soft gray twilight,
The yellow sun-glow trembling through the misty sea,
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
"All these things for ever—for ever—thou must leave."

My love she sank down quivering, like a pine
In tempest shivering—
"I have had no little happiness as yet beneath the sun:
I have called the shadow sunshine, and the sorrow'd mockery fun.
I have, weeping, blam'd the Lord for, as if daylight had begun;

"Till He sent a sudden angel, with a glorious sweet errand,
Who turned all my tears to pearl-gems, and crowned me—no little wealth;
Ah!—and through the misty even changed this poor earth into heaven,
Or, by wondrous revelation, brought the heavens down to earth.

"Oh, the strangeness of the feeling!—oh, the infinite revealing—
To think how God must love me to have made me so content!
Though I would have served Him humbly, and patiently, and dumbly,
Without any angel standing in the pathway that I went."

In the June twilight—in the lessening twilight—
My love cried from my bosom an exceeding bitter cry:
"Lord, wilt a little longer, until my soul is stronger,—
Wait till Thou hast taught me to be content to die."

Then the tender face, all woman, took a glory super-human,
And she seemed to watch for something, or see some I could not see:
From my arms she rose full statured, all transfigured, queenly featured—
"As Thy will is done in heaven, so on earth still let it be."

* * * * *

I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only
The vestibule of palaces whose courts we never win:
Yet I see my palace shining, where my love sits smarasthe twining,
And I know the gates stand open, and I shall enter in.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

With the chill winds of February blowing in her face, Eleanor Monckton entered the wood between Toldale and Mr. de Crespigny's estate.

There were no stars in the blank gray sky above that lonely place; black masses of pine and fir shut in the narrow path upon either side; mysterious noises, caused by the capricious moaning of the winter wind, sounded far away in the dark recesses of the wood, awfully distinct amid the stillness of the night.

It was very long since Eleanor had been out alone after dark, and she had never before been alone in the darkness of such a place as this. She had the courage of a young lioness, but she had also a highly nervous and sensitive nature, an imaginative temperament; and the solemn loneliness of this wood, resonant every now and then with the dismal cries of the night-wind, was very terrible to her. But above and beyond every natural womanly feeling was this girl's devotion to her dead father; and she walked on with her thick shawl gathered closely round her, and with both her hands pressed against her beating heart.

She walked on through the solitude and the darkness, not indifferently, but devotedly; in sublime self-abnegation; in the heroic grandeur of a soul that is elevated by love; as she would have walked through fire and water, if by the endurance of such an ordeal she could have given fresh proof of her affection for that hapless suicide of the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

"My dear father," she murmured once in a low voice, "I have been slow to act, but I have never forgotten. I have never forgotten you lying far away from me in that cruel foreign grave. I have waited, but I will wait no longer. I will speak to-night."

I think she believed that George Vane, divided from her by the awful chasm which yawns, mysterious and unfathomable, between life and death, was yet near enough still to her, in his changed state of being, to witness her actions and hear her words.—She spoke to him, as she would have written to him had he been very far away from her, in the belief that her words would reach him, sooner or later.

The walk, which in the daytime seemed only a pleasant ramble, was a weary pilgrimage under that starless winter sky. Eleanor stopped once or twice to look back at the lighted windows of Toldale lying low in the hollow behind her; and then hurried off with a quicker step.

"If Gilbert should miss me," she thought, "what will he do? what will he think?"

She quickened her pace even more at the thought of her husband. What unlooked-for difficulties might she not have to combat, if Mr. Monckton should discover her absence and send or go himself in search of her!—But she speedily reassured herself upon this point.

"If he should come to Woodlands after me," she thought, "I will tell him that I wanted to see Mr. de Crespigny once more. I can easily tell him that, for it is the truth.

Eleanor Monckton had reached the outskirts of the wood by this time, and the low gate in the iron fence—the gateway through which she had passed upon the day when, for the first time, she saw her father's old friend, Maurice de Crespigny,

This gate was very rarely locked or bolted, but to-night, to her surprise, she found it wide open.

She did not stop to wonder at this circumstance, but hurried on. She had grown very familiar with every pathway in the grounds in her walks beside Mr. de Crespigny's invalid chair, and she knew the nearest way to the house.

This nearest way was across a broad expanse of turf, and through a shrubbery into the garden at the back of the rooms occupied by the old man, who had for many years been unable to go up and down stairs, and who had, for that length of time, inhabited a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, opening with French windows on to a tiny lawn, shut in and sheltered by a thick belt of pine and evergreens. It was in this shrubbery that Eleanor paused for a few moments to recover her breath after hurrying up the hill, and to reassure herself as to the safety of the papers which she carried in the bosom of her dress, Launcelot Darrell's water-color sketch, and her father's letter. The picture and the letter were safe. She reassured herself of this, and was about to hurry on, when she was arrested by a sound near her. The laurel branches close beside her had rustled as if parted by a man's strong hand.

Many times, in her journey through the wood, Eleanor had been terrified by a rustling amongst the long grass about the trunks of the trees; but each time the sight of a pheasant flying across her pathway, or a frightened hair scudding away into the darkness had reassured her. But this time there could be no mistake as to what she had heard. There was no game in Mr. de Crespigny's garden. She was not alone, therefore. There was a man lurking somewhere under the shadow of the evergreens.

She stopped; clutched the documents that she carried in her breast, and then emerged from the shrubbery on to the lawn, ashamed of her fears.

The man whose presence had alarmed her was, no doubt, one of the servants—the gardener, most likely—and he would admit her to the house, and save her any encounter with the maiden sisters.

She looked about the garden, but could see no one. Then, in a low voice, she called to the man by name; but there was no answer.

Lights were burned in Mr. de Crespigny's bed-room, but the windows of the room which the old man called his study, and the windows of his dressing-room, a little apartment between the bed-chamber and the study, were dark.

Eleanor waited a few minutes in the garden, expecting to hear or see one of the servants emerge from the shrubbery; but all was quiet, and she had no alternative except to go round to the principal door of the house, and take her chance of being admitted.

"I am certain that there was some one close to me," she thought. "It must have been Brooks, the gardener; but how odd that he didn't hear me when I called to him."

The principal entrance to Mr. de Crespigny's house was by a pair of half-glass doors, approached by a double flight of stone steps, either from the right or the left, as might suit the visitor's convenience. It was a handsome entrance; and the plate glass which formed the upper halves of the doors appeared a very slight barrier between the visitor waiting on the broad stone platform without, and the interior of the house. But, for all this, no portcullis of the Middle Ages, no sturdy postern gate of massive oak, studded by ponderous iron nails, was ever more impregnable to the besieger than these transparent doors had been under the despotic sway of the rich bachelor's maiden nieces.—Despairing poor relations, standing hopeless and desperate without those fatal doors, had been well-nigh tempted to smash the plate-glass, and thus make their way into the citadel. But, as this would have scarcely been a likely method by which to ingratiate themselves into the favor of a testy old man, the glass remained undamaged; and the hapless kinsfolk of Maurice de Crespigny were fain to keep at a distance, and hope—almost against hope—that he would get tired of his maiden watchers, and revenge himself upon their officiousness by leaving his money away from them.

It was useless those glass doors that their Monckton stood to-night, with very different feelings in her breast to those which were wont to animate the visitors who came to Woodlands.

She pulled the brass handle of the bell, which was stiff from little usage, and which, after resisting her efforts for a long time, gave way at last with an angry spring that shook the distant clapper with a noisy peal which seemed as if it would have never ceased ringing sharply through the stillness.

But, loud as this peal had been, it was not answered immediately, and Eleanor had time to contemplate the prim furniture of the dimly-lighted hall, the umbrella-stand and barometer, and some marine views of a warlike nature on the walls; pictures in which a De Crespigny of Nelson's time distinguished himself unpleasantly by the blowing up of some very ugly ships which exploded in blazes of yellow ochre and vermilion, and the bombardment of some equally ugly fortresses in burnt sienna.

A butler, or factotum,—for there was only one male servant in the house, and he was old and unpleasant, and had been cherished by the Misses De Crespigny because of those very qualifications, which were likely to stand in the way of his getting any important legacy,—emerged at last from one of the passages at the back of the hall, and advanced, with indignation and astonishment depicted on his grim features, to the doors before which Eleanor waited, Heaven only knows how impatiently.

"Launcelot Darrell may have come here before me," she thought; "he may be with his uncle now, and may induce him to alter his will. He must be desperate enough to do anything, if he really knows that he is disinherited."

The butler opened one of the hall doors, a very little way, and suspiciously. He took care to plant himself in the aperture in such a manner as would have compelled Eleanor to walk through his body before she could enter the hall; and as the butler was the very reverse of Mr. Pepper's ghost in consistency, Mrs. Monckton could only parley with him in the faint hope of taking the citadel by capitulation. She did not know that the citadel was already taken, and that an awful guest, to whom neither closely-guarded doors nor oaken posterns lined with stoutest iron formed obstacle or hindrance, had entered that quiet mansion before her; she did not know this, nor that the butler only kept her at bay out of the sheer force of habit, and perhaps with a spiteful sense of pleasure in doing battle with would-be legatees.

"I want to see Mr. de Crespigny," Eleanor cried, eagerly; "I want to see him very particularly, if you please. I know that he will see me if you will be so good as to tell him that I am here."

The butler opened his mouth to speak, but before he could do so a door opened, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny appeared.—She was very pale, and carried a handkerchief in her hand, which she put to her eyes every now and then; but the eyes were quite dry, and she had not been weeping.

"Who is that?" she exclaimed, sharply. "What is the matter, Parker? Why can't you tell the person that we can see nobody to-night?"

"I was just a-goin' to tell her so," the butler answered; "but it's Mrs. Monckton, and she says she wants to see poor master."

He moved away from the door, as if his responsibility had ceased on the appearance of his mistress, and Eleanor entered the hall.

"Oh, dear Miss Lavinia," she cried, almost breathless in her eagerness, "do let me see your uncle. I know he will not refuse to see me. I am a favorite with him, you know. Please let me see him."

Miss Lavinia de Crespigny applied her handkerchief to her dry eyes before she answered Eleanor's eager entreaty. Then she said, very slowly,—

"My beloved uncle departed this life an hour ago. He breathed his last in my arms."

"And in mine," murmured Miss Sarah, who had followed her sister into the hall.

"And I was a-standing by the bedside," observed the butler, with respectful firmness —"and the last words as my blessed master said before you come into the room, Miss Lavinia, was these: 'You've been a good servant, Parker, and you'll find you're not forgotten.' Yes, Miss, 'You'll find you're not forgotten, Parker,' were his last words."

The two ladies looked very sharply and rather suspiciously at Mr. Parker, as if they were meditating the possibility of that gentleman having fabricated a will constituting himself sole legatee.

"I did not hear my dear uncle mention you, Parker," Miss Sarah said, stiffly; "but we shall not forget any one he wished to have remembered; you may be sure of that."

Eleanor Monckton stood, silent and aghast, staring straight before her, paralyzed, dumb-founded, by the tidings she had just heard.

"Dead!" she murmured at last. "Dead! dead!—before I could see him, before I could tell him—"

She paused, looking round her with a bewildered expression in her face.

"I do not know why you should be so eager to see my uncle," said Miss Lavinia, forgetting her assumption of grief, and becoming very guarded in her spiteful feeling towards Eleanor, as a possible rival, "nor do I know what you can have had to say to him. But I do know that you have not exhibited very good taste in intruding upon us at such an hour as this, and, above all, in remaining, now that you hear the sad affliction"—the handkerchief went to the eyes again here—"which has befallen us. If you come here," added Miss Lavinia, suddenly becoming spiteful again, "in the hope of ascertaining how my uncle's money has been left—and it would be only like some people to do so—I can give you no information upon the subject. The gardener has been sent to Windsor to summon Mr. Lawford's clerk. Mr. Lawford himself started some days ago for New York on business. It's very unlucky that he should be away at such a time, for we put every confidence in him. However, I suppose the clerk will do as well. He will put seals on my uncle's effects, I believe, and nothing will be known about the will until the day of the funeral. But I do not think you need trouble yourself upon the subject, my dear Mrs. Monckton, as I perfectly remember my beloved relative telling you very distinctly that he had no idea of leaving you anything except a picture, or something of that kind. We shall be very happy to see that you get the picture," concluded the lady, with frigid politeness.

Eleanor Monckton stood with one hand pushing the glossy ripples of auburn hair away from her forehead, and with a look upon her face which the Misses de Crespigny—whose minds had run in one very narrow groove for the last twenty years—could only construe into some disappointment upon the subject of the will. Eleanor recovered her self-command with an effort, as Miss Lavinia finished speaking, and said, very quietly:

"Believe me, I do not want to inherit any of Mr. de Crespigny's property. I am very, very sorry that he is dead, for there was something that I wanted to tell him before he died; something that I ought to have told him long ago. I have been foolish—cowardly—to wait so long."

She said the last words not to the two ladies, but to herself; and then, after a pause, she added, slowly,

"I hope your uncle has left his fortune to you and your sister, Miss Lavinia. Heaven grant that he may have left it so!"

Unfortunately the Misses de Crespigny were in the humor to take offence at anything. The terrible torture of suspense which was gnawing at the heart of each of the dead man's nieces dispersed them to be snappish to any one who came in their way. To them, to-night, it seemed as if the earth was peopled by expectant legatees, all eager to dispute for the heritage which by right was theirs.

"We are extremely obliged to you for your good wishes, Mrs. Monckton," Miss Sarah said, with vinegary politeness, "and we can perfectly appreciate their sincerity. *Good* evening."

On this hint, the butler opened the door with a solemn flourish, and the two ladies bowed Eleanor out of the house. The door closed behind her, and she went slowly down the steps, lingering without purpose, entirely bewildered by the turn that events had taken.

"Dead!" she exclaimed, in a half-whisper, "dead! I never thought that he would die so soon. I waited, and waited, thinking that, whenever the time came for me to speak, he would be alive to hear me; and now he is dead, and I have lost my chance; I have lost my one chance of avenging my father's death. The law cannot touch Launcelot Darrell; but this old man had the power to punish him, and would have used that power, if he had known the story of his friend's death. I cannot doubt that. I cannot doubt that Maurice de Crespigny dearly loved my father."

Eleanor Monckton stopped for a few minutes at the bottom of the steps, trying to collect her senses—trying to think if there was anything more for her to do.

No, there was nothing. The one chance which fortune, by a series of events, not one of which had been of her own contriving, had thrown into her way, was lost. She could do nothing but go quietly home, and wait for the reading of the will, which might, or might not, make Launcelot Darrell the owner of a noble estate.

But then she remembered Richard Thornton's visit to Windsor, and the inferences he had drawn from the meeting between Launcelot and the lawyer's clerk. Richard had most firmly believed that the property was left away from the young man; and Launcelot Darrell's conduct since that day had gone far towards confirming the scene-painter's assertion. There was very little doubt, then, that the will which had been drawn up by Mr. Lawford and witnessed by Gilbert Monckton, was a will that left Maurice de Crespigny's fortune away from Launcelot Darrell. The old man had spoken of a duty which he meant to perform. Surely he must have alluded to his two nieces' devotion, and the recompense which they had earned by their patient attendance upon him. Such untiring watchers generally succeed in reaping the reward of their labors; and why should it be otherwise in this case?

But then, on the other hand, the old man was fretful and capricious. His nerves had been shattered by a long illness. How often, in the wildness of the night, had night have him awake, pondering upon the disposal of his wealth, and doubtful what to do with it, in his desire to act for the best! It was known that he had made other wills, and had burned them when the humor seized him. He had had ample opportunity for changing his mind. He had very likely destroyed the will witnessed by Gilbert Monckton, in order to make a new one in Launcelot's favor.

Eleanor stood at the bottom of the broad flight of steps with her hand upon the iron railing, thinking of all this. Then, with a regretful sigh, she walked away from the front of the house.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE DEAD.

The rooms that had been occupied by Maurice de Crespigny were at the back of the house, and Eleanor, returning by the way that she had come, had occasion to pass once more through the garden and shrubbery upon which the windows of these rooms looked.

Mrs. Monckton paused among the evergreens that grew near the house, sheltering and darkening the windows with their thick luxuriance. The Venetian shutters outside the windows of the room in which the dead man lay were closed, and the light within shone brightly between the slanting laths.

"Poor old man," Eleanor murmured, as she looked mournfully towards this death-chamber, "he was very good to me; I ought to be sorry for his death."

The evergreens which grew in groups on either side of the windows made a thick screen, behind which half-a-dozen people might have safely hidden themselves upon this moonless and starless February night. Eleanor lingered for a few moments among these clustering laurels before she emerged upon the patch of smooth turf which was scarcely large enough to be dignified with the title of a lawn.

As she lingered, partly because of a regretful tenderness towards the dead man, partly because of that irresolution and uncertainty that had taken possession of her mind from the moment in which she had heard of his death, she was startled once more by the rustling of the branches near her. This time she was not left long in doubt: the rustling of the branches was followed by a hissing whisper, very cautious and subdued, but at the same time very distinct in the stillness; and Eleanor Monckton was not slow to recognize the accent of the French commercial traveller, Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

"The shutters are not fastened," this man whispered; "there is a chance yet, *mon ami*."

The speaker was within two paces of Eleanor, but she was hidden from him by the shrubs. The companion to whom he had spoken was of course Launcelot Darrell; there could be no doubt of that. But why were these men here? Had the artist come in ignorance of his kinsman's death, and in the hope of introducing himself secretly into the old man's apartments, and thus out-manœuvring the maiden nieces?

As the two men moved nearer one of the windows of the bedchamber, moving very cautiously, but still disturbing the branches as they went, Eleanor drew back, and stood, motionless, almost breathless, close against the blank wall between the long French windows.

In another moment Launcelot Darrell and his companion were standing so close to her, that she could hear their hurried breathing as distinctly as she heard her own. The Frenchman softly drew back one of the Venetian shutters a few inches, and peeped very cautiously through the narrow aperture into the room.

"There is only an old woman there," he whispered, "an old woman, very gray, very respectable; she is asleep, I think; look and see who she is."

Monsieur Bourdon drew back as he spoke, making way for Launcelot Darrell. The young man obeyed his companion, but in a half sulky, half-unwilling fashion, which was very much like his manner on the Parisian Boulevard.

"Who is it?" whispered the Frenchman, as Launcelot leant forward and peered into the lighted room.

"Mrs. Jepcott, my uncle's housekeeper."

"Is she a friend of yours, or an enemy?"

"A friend, I think. I know that she hates my aunts. She would rather serve me than serve them."

"Good. We are not going to trust Mrs. Jepcott; but it's as well to know that she is friendly towards us. Now, listen to me, my friend, we must have the key."

"I suppose we must," muttered Launcelot Darrell, very sulkily.

"You suppose we must! Bah!" whispered the Frenchman, with intense scornfulness of manner. "It is likely we should draw back, after having gone so far as we have gone, and made such promises as we have made. It is like you Englishmen, to turn cowards at the very last, in any difficult business like this. You are very brave and very grand so long as you can make a great noise about your honor, and your courage, and your loyalty; so long as the drums are beating and the flags flying, and all the world looking on to admire you. But the moment there is anything of difficulty—anything of a little hazardous, or cognizable of criminal, perhaps—you draw back, you have fear. Bah! I have no patience with you. You are a great nation, but you have never produced a great impostor. Your Purkin Warbecks, your Stuart Pretenders, they are all the same. They ride up hill with forty thousand men, and,"—here Monsieur Bourdon hissed out a very big French oath, to give strength to his assertion—"when they get to the top they can do nothing better than ride down again."

It is not to be supposed that, in so critical a situation as that in which the two men had placed themselves, the Frenchman would have said all this without a purpose. He knew Launcelot Darrell, and he knew that ridicule was the best spur with which to urge him on when he was inclined to come to a stand-still. The young man's pride took fire at his companion's scornful banter.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to go into that room and look for your uncle's keys. I would do it, and perhaps do it better than you, but if that woman woke and found me there, she would rouse the house; if she wakes up and sees you, any sentimental story of your desire to look for the last time upon your kinsman and benefactor will satisfy her and stop her mouth. *You* must search for the keys, Monsieur Robert Lance, pardon!—Monsieur Launcelot Darrell."

The young man made no immediate answer to this speech. He stood close to the window, with the half-open shutter in his hand, and Eleanor could see, by the motion of this shutter, that he was trembling.

"I can't do it, Bourdon," he gasped, after a long pause; "I can't do it. To go up to that dead man's bed-side and *steal* his keys. It seems like an act of sacrilege—I—I—can't do it."

The commercial traveller shrugged his shoulders so high that it almost seemed he never meant to bring them down again.

"Good!" he said, "*C'est fini!* Live and die a pauper, Monsieur Darrell, but never again ask me to help you in a great scheme. Good-night."

The Frenchman made a show of walking off, but went slowly, and gave Launcelot plenty of time to stop him.

"Stay, Bourdon," the young man muttered; "don't be a fool. If you mean to stand by me in this business, you must have a little patience. I'll do what must be done, of course, however unpleasant it may be. I've no reason to feel any great compunction about the old man. He hasn't shown so much love for me that I need have any very sentimental affection for him. I'll go in and look for the keys."

He had opened the shutter to its widest extent, and he put his hand upon the window as he spoke, but the Frenchman checked him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Monsieur Bourdon.

"I'm going to look for the keys."

"Not that way. If you open that window the cold air will blow into the room and awaken the old woman—what you call her—Madame Jepcott. No, you must take off your boots, and go in through one of the windows of the other rooms. We saw just now that those rooms are empty. Come with me."

The two men moved away towards the windows of the sitting-room. Eleanor crept to the Venetian shutters which Launcelot had closed, and drawing one of them a little way open, looked into the room in which the dead man lay. The housekeeper, Mrs. Jepcott, sat in a roomy easy-chair, close to the fire, which burned brightly, and had evidently been very lately replenished. The old woman's head had fallen back upon the cushion of her chair, and the monotonous regularity of her snores gave sufficient evidence of the soundness of her slumbers. Voluminous curtains of dark green damask were drawn closely round the massive four-post bed; a thick, wax candle, in an old-fashioned silver candlestick, burned upon the table by the bedside, and a pair of commoner candles, in brass candlesticks, brought, no doubt, from the housekeeper's room, stood upon a larger table near the fireplace.

Nothing had been disturbed since the old man's death. The maiden ladies had made a merit of this.

"We shall disturb nothing," Miss Lavinia, who was the more loquacious of the two, had said; "we shall not pry about or tamper with any of our beloved relative's effects. You will take care of everything in your master's room, Jepcott; we place everything under your charge, and you will see that nothing is touched; you will take care that not so much as a pocket-handkerchief shall be disturbed until Mr. Lawford's clerk comes from Windsor."

In accordance with these directions, everything had remained exactly as it had been left at the moment of Maurice de Crespigny's death. The practised sick-nurse had retired, after doing her dismal duty; the stiffening limbs had been composed in the last calm sleep; the old man's eyelids had been closed upon the sightless eyeballs; the curtains had been drawn; and that was all.

The medicine bottles, the open Bible, the crumpled handkerchiefs, the purse, and paper-knife, and spectacles, and keys, lying in disorder upon the table by the bed, had not been touched. Eager as the dead man's nieces were to know the contents of his will, the thought of obtaining that knowledge by

any surreptitious escape had never, for one moment entered into the head of either. They were conscientious ladies, who attended church three times upon a Sunday, and who would have recoiled aghast from before the mere thought of any infraction of the law.

Eleanor, with the Venetian shutter a very little way open, and with her face close against the window, stood looking into the lighted room, and waiting for Launcelot Darrell to appear.

The great four-post bedstead stood opposite the windows, the door was on Eleanor's right hand. About five minutes elapsed before there was any sign of the intruder's coming. Then the door was opened, very slowly, and Launcelot Darrell crept into the room.

His face was almost livid, and he trembled violently. At first he looked helplessly about him, as if paralyzed by fear. Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, still looking helplessly right and left.

But presently the Frenchman's head appeared round the edge of the door, which Launcelot Darrell had left a little way open, a fat little hand pointed to the table by the bed, and Monsieur Bourdon's hissing whisper vibrated in the room.

"V'la,—the table—the table—straight before you."

Following this indication, the young man began with trembling hands to search among the disorder of the littered table. He had not occasion to seek very long for what he wanted. The dead man's keys lay under one of the handkerchiefs. They jingled a little as Launcelot took them up, and Mrs. Jepcott stirred in her sleep, but she did not open her eyes.

"Come away, come!" whispered the Frenchman, as Launcelot stood with the keys in his hand, as if too much bewildered even to know that his purpose was accomplished. He obeyed Monsieur Bourdon, and hurried from the room. He had taken off his boots at his companion's instigation, and his stockinged feet made no sound upon the thick carpet.

"What is he going to do with those keys?" Eleanor thought. "If he knows the contents of the will, as Richard believed, what good can the keys be to him?"

She still looked into the lighted bedchamber, wondering what could happen next. Where had Launcelot Darrell gone, and what was he going to do with the keys? She crept along by the side of the house, past the window of the dressing-room, which was still dark, and stopped when she came to the window of the old man's study. All the windows upon this floor were in the same style—long, French windows, opening to the ground, and they were all sheltered by Venetian shutters. The shutters of the sitting-room were closed, but the window was open, and through the bars of the shutters Eleanor saw a faint glimmer of light.

She drew the shutter nearest her a little way open, and looked into the room. The light that she had seen came from a very small bull's-eye lantern, which the Frenchman held in his hand. He was standing over Launcelot Darrell, who was on his knees before the lower half of an old-fashioned *secretaire*, at which Mr. de Crespigny had been in the habit of writing, and in which he had kept papers.

The lower half of this *secretaire* contained a great many little drawers, which were closed in by a pair of inlaid ebony doors. The doors were open now, and Launcelot Darrell was busy examining the contents of the drawers one by one. His hands still trembled, and he went to work slowly and awkwardly. The Frenchman, whose nerves appeared in no way shaken, contrived to throw the light of the bull's-eye always upon the papers in the young man's hand.

"Have you found what you want?" he asked.

"No, there's nothing yet; nothing but leases, receipts, letters, bills."

"Be quick! Remember we have to put the keys back, and to get away. Have you the other ready?"

"Yes."

They spoke in whispers, but their whispers were perhaps more distinct than their ordinary tones would have been. Eleanor could hear every word they said.

There was a long pause, during which Launcelot Darrell opened and shut several drawers, taking a hurried survey of their contents. Presently he uttered a half-smothered cry.

"You've got it?" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"Yes."

"Put in the substitute then, and lock the cabinet."

Launcelot Darrell threw the document which he had taken from the drawer upon a chair near him, and took another paper from his pocket. He put this second paper in the place from which he had taken the first, and then shut the drawer, and closed and locked the doors of the cabinet. He did all this in nervous haste, and neither he nor his companion perceived that a third paper, very much like the first in shape and size, had fallen out of one of the drawers and lay upon the carpet before the cabinet.

Now, for the first time, Eleanor Mouckton began to comprehend the nature of the conspiracy which she had witnessed. Launcelot Darrell and his accomplice had substituted a fictitious paper for the real will signed by Maurice de Crespigny and witnessed by Gilbert Mouckton and the lawyer's clerk. The genuine document was that which Launcelot Darrell had flung upon the chair by the side of the *secretaire*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO LAURA.

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Like one who stands and views a flowery scene,
All bright and glowing 'neath a sunny sky,
Unmarked the briars that mar the landscape green,
Ravished by song of birds and wind's low sigh,
A maid of sixteen summers, thus dost stand
Viewing the sunny slopes of womanhood.
Radiant indeed is that delightful land,
Oh maiden fair, unto the pure and good.
Be thine its choicest blessings, thine the way
Enameled o'er with flowers of loveliest hue,
Roving by pleasant waters all thy day.
Then at the eve, perchance a fairer view
Shall still be thine, Heaven's portal gazing through.

H. P.

HUMPHREY GRAINGER'S LOSSES.

I sat, as desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, in the parlor of a Liverpool hotel, surrounded by a chaotic pile of luggage, which had been landed with myself the evening before from the Australian steamer, after a tempestuous voyage of four months. I was an utter stranger in England, without any known friend; and very miserable had been the anxious, sleepless night, and the dreary loneliness of the day, now the familiar circle of my fellow-voyagers was broken up. Without resting, I was taking counsel with myself and forming impracticable plans, until at last the weariness and melancholy of my situation overpowered me, and I fell asleep in the uncomfortable easy-chair before the fire.—Still dreaming of the splash of the waves, and the ceaseless throb of the engine, as they had rung in my ears during the last few months, I mingled them with the indistinct sound of a door opening, and a man's tread across the floor, or deck as it seemed to me, and then a muffled, subdued voice exclaiming,

"Is this the widow?"

My eyes opened widely at once, and met a very grave and pitying gaze, that was fixed upon me with something of the regard of a shepherd looking down upon a stray lamb. A tall, strong, largely-built figure, and a face of massive and marked features, leaned over me, filling the whole scope of my vision with a powerful breadth and height, which gave me just the pleasant sense of strength and protection I needed at the moment. He turned away instantly, and energetically stripped off his rough overcoat, handing it to the landlady who accompanied him with an air of amiable concession.

"Be so good as to take it away," he said. "I had no idea she was such a little, young creature as this."

He appeared considerably smaller and smoother, but still colossal to me as I stood before him, having risen to my feet by this time. With a gentle hesitation, as if fearful of touching me too roughly, he took my hand in his own, and patted it softly with two fingers, repeating, in the same subdued tone,

"Not Harry's widow?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, bursting into passionate tears, and leaning my head against his great arm. "Oh, it was so hard! He died before we had been on board three weeks, and they buried him in the sea. I've been all alone ever since; and I have no friends here."

"Poor thing! poor little child!" he said, stroking the hair from my burning forehead. "Don't give way, my dear. I am your cousin,—poor Harry's cousin,—Humphrey Grainger; and of course I am your friend There, sit down on the sofa, and tell me all about it when you are calm."

It was a long time before I was calm, for the tears welled to my eyes again and again after I thought I had mastered them; but he sat quietly beside me, speaking now and then in a hearty, genial tone, and in no way betraying any impatience to bring my hysterical weeping to an end.

"Now, then, my dear," he said, when at length I only sobbed at intervals, "first of all let me tell you I received Captain Thompson's letter about you this morning, and I started down to Liverpool at once to fetch you home. I did not wait for my sister Eliza to accompany me, as, under the circumstances, I considered speed to be the essential thing. My dear girl, do you know that we had no idea that poor Harry was married?"

"We were only married a week before we sailed," I answered. "I will tell you how it all happened, Mr. Grainger; it was such an unforeseen event. My brother is a lawyer in Sydney; and when Harry went to his office on business, William invited him to stay a few weeks at our house, he was so ill. I was very, very sorry for him. It made my heart ache to see him so suffering and feeble, and in a strange land among strangers; so I did all I could to nurse and comfort him. We went on in that way till his business was ended, and he came to say 'Good-by' to me, and tell me he had taken a passage home in this steamer. He cried dreadfully, Mr. Grainger—like a child; and he said he was so afraid of going this long voyage alone among rough seamen; and perhaps he should die, with no one near him that cared about him. I don't remember exactly what I said; but he understood that I was willing to go with him, if I could be a comfort and help to him."

"But he did not marry you for that?" exclaimed Mr. Grainger.

"He was really very fond of me as well," I continued. "But, oh, you cannot imagine how afraid he was of dying alone; and the voyage was so very long. So when he asked me if I would be his wife, I told him I loved him very much, and I was very sorry for him."

"But what did your brother say to it, my poor child?" he inquired.

"Girls of my age in the colony don't ask their brothers," I replied. "We were married quietly in a chapel in Sydney, and told William afterwards. But somehow I never believed he would surely die after we were married; he was so young, and I had never seen any one die. I thought he was getting better, he was so cheerful and happy. And oh, he died one evening on deck, while we were watching the sun go down; and I sat very quietly by him, only thinking he was asleep, till the captain came up and said he was dead."

There was a very perceptible frown upon the grave face to which I lifted my tearful eyes, quickly followed by an expression of profound pity as he met my appealing glance. I went on to tell him how bitterly I had found out my folly and self-will in marrying without my brother's knowledge; and how afraid I was of being a trouble to him and his sister until I could write home, and hear again from William, unless he decided it would be best to send me back by the next steamer; but I shrank from the thought of a second long voyage, with the ceaseless dirge of the waves where my husband was buried following me month after month. Mr. Grainger listened to me without interruption, and then said, in a few consoling, friendly sentences, that he should consider himself my guardian until he could hear from my brother in Sydney, and that to-morrow I should return with him to the home which had been Harry's.

When I had left Sydney, the railway to Paramatta was only just begun, and my first journey by rail was from Liverpool to Sherwood; but I could see nothing of the seventy miles of British ground we traversed so swiftly, for the carriage-windows were opaque with frost. Though it was scarcely noon, Mr. Grainger and two other gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers, after looking at their newspapers for a few miles, apparently resigned themselves to a profound slumber, and continued in it, with but brief intervals of wakefulness, until we reached the little country station where we left the train. We were immediately surrounded by a band of servile officials, whose obsequiousness was as strange to me as everything else had been since I had left the steamer; but Mr. Grainger hurried me away impetuously, and lifted me into a dog-cart which was in waiting for us at the gate, where I stayed while he gave his servant directions about my cart-load of luggage.

"I never saw snow like this before," I said, when he came to fasten the apron at my side, and fold round me the rugs which had been sent for our protection from the severe climate. "It snowed in Sydney the year I was born; but of course I don't remember that."

"By George, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger, regarding me with an air of surprise, while he tore off his rough over-coat impatiently. "Here, stand up, Mrs. Grainger; let me button this right round you, or you will be frozen to death before we get home. It will be a sorry welcome to Sherwood."

We drove through a white wilderness, sparkling and soundless, save for the dull beat of the horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the shrill chirping of little birds in the hedges. It was a magic scene to me. The sky was cloudless, of a pale, bright blue, and there was no color in all the snow-covered landscape, except a very faint and scarcely perceptible tinge of a golden-pinkish hue, just visible in the shadows of the masses of pure white. Under the hedge-rows were huge drifts, twisted and coiled into a thousand fantastic shapes; and every branch of the leafless trees we passed beneath was blanched and wreathed with a delicate fret-work of frost. It was already sunset, though scarcely four o'clock, and the pinkish shadows were deepening into purple under the level rays of the sun, when Mr. Grainger, who had been very silent all the way, turned his horse from the turnpike-road, and drove through a small park to the entrance of Sherwood Manor. It was an old-fashioned country-house, of no architectural pretensions, built of red stone, and painted with gables and casements painted black. But relieved as I was at its homeliness, I was sorry to have to alight, though I was half numbed with cold, so nervous and apprehensive had I grown at the thought of meeting Miss Grainger. I was conscious that I could more easily propitiate and please a man than a woman; and as Mr. Grainger I had already grown accustomed, and he did not appear so very unlike the settlers who came down from their stations in the bush to my brother's house in Sydney. But I was greatly afraid of coming into the presence of an English lady, whose traditionary grandeur and refinement had been the topic of my mother's nursery-tales. I remembered them all, as Mr. Grainger carried me, bewildered and wrapped up as I was, from the dog-cart into the large hall, in the centre of which he set me down, and stood off a pace or two, to scrutinise me as a curiosity.

We were approached by a middle-aged woman, somewhat stately in her deportment, but motherly enough to make me feel a sudden hope that this was my hostess. Mr. Grainger, however, looked round him with an air of dissatisfaction, and speaking in a short, sharp tone, inquired,

"Where is Miss Grainger, Parrot?"

"In the drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Just help Mrs. Grainger off with some of those things; and we will go to her at once, if the mountain won't come to Mahomet!"

"Sir, Miss Yardley is there," said Parrot, significantly.

He checked his impatience in a moment, casting a hasty but criticising glance over his own travel-worn aspect, and my dishevelled, wearied appearance; and coming to Parrot's assistance, he helped to unshell me from the multitude of wrappings in which I was manfled, and presented me in all my diminutiveness and childishness to Parrot's wondering eyes.

"Not Mr. Harry's widow!" she ejaculated involuntarily, as her master had done before her.

Mr. Grainger nodded a silent affirmation, and bade her attend me in my room; which she did in a gentle and tender manner, though I caught her now and then fixing on me a very puzzled and bewildered regard. The arrangement and fashion of the strange room embarrassed me; I did not know the use of half the articles on the dressing-table; and Parrot's, prolonged scrutiny of me when I had completed my short toilet made me turn again anxiously to my looking-glass before descending to the drawing-room. The reflection did not reassure me. My only black dress, which I had put on as mourning, was a velvet robe, worn by my mother at a colonial ball some years before she died; and it hung in straight heavy folds round my slight figure, making my brown face and short tangled curls look as quaint and elfish as if I had purposely clad myself in some grotesque disguise. I envied the stayed, self-possessed Parrot her acquaintance with English customs and etiquette, while I followed her with a beating heart, consciously ignorant of the manner in which I ought to enter a drawing-room.

The drawing-room door, flung wide open by Parrot, revealed a scene almost as white and frigid as the landscape without. I stood in the doorway, a shy, nervous, shrinking girl from the colony, anxiously gazing round a large and elegant room, which seemed a confused mass of cloudy curtains and coverings. Three windows, with delicate white drapery over pale blue, looked out upon the snowy park; chairs, sofas, and ottomans were veiled under a profusion of white network; the walls, of a pale, creamy tinge, were hung with light paintings; here and there were little tables, with their spindle legs supporting services of old china of the most shell-like fabric; and the marble chimney-piece contained similar fragile ornaments, to the number of forty-seven, as I discovered by counting them one day afterwards. Two ladies, of whom I dimly discerned only a full amplitude of form and raiment, were seated gracefully in lounging-chairs upon the hearth; while I saw myself in a large pier-glass opposite as the only blot, a little speck of blackness, upon the frosty elegance of the tableau.

I was trembling on the threshold, fearful of treading my way through the labyrinth of tables and ottomans, when a hand, with whose well-shaped and muscular proportions I was already familiar, took mine within its encouraging clasp, as if I were a child. Mr. Grainger led me into the room, clearing every obstacle without apparent effort; and addressing the two ladies, who rose with a ceremonious and formal demeanor at our approach, he said, in an appealing voice,

"Eliza, this is Mrs. Henry Grainger. This is poor Harry's young wife, my dear Lavinia."

Miss Grainger was a large, plump, blonde woman, about forty years of age, with a certain self-conscious statliness and grandeur, well befitting her importance as the lady of a manor house. There was nothing faint or feeble about her, and her prejudices in particular were very strong. Moreover, her strongest prejudice was in favor of knowing every body, with whom she was brought into any close contact, "from their cradle." She had spent her whole forty years at Sherwood, a small and isolated village, where all the families native to it were reticulated into a perfect network of kindred by intermarriages and distant cousinships; and where every household was patent to her, and patronised by her. A dark, mysterious episode, brooded over by dire suspicion, was any prolonged absence from Sherwood by any of its inhabitants, scarcely to be redeemed by an unbroken course of decorous and virtuous conduct through a protracted season of probation. Foreigners were her dread and aversion, and all who were not purely English she counted such. Until yesterday morning she had not known that I was born at all; and now I came, neither English born nor English bred, to dwell under the same roof in a close domestic intercourse. Since Mr. Grainger's departure, she had alternately bewailed Harry's fatal voyage, to which she had always been opposed, and kindled with an appalled interest a work entitled *Botany Bay; or, the Penal Settlements of Australia*, reading herself well up in the convict history of the colony as it had been thirty or forty years before. When her brother placed me face to face with her, she ventured her lips to my cheek with a cautious and rapidity as if she were touching an idole from the fringed cover, and fell back instantly after the frosting salute. The younger lady, who was also a tall, flat-haired woman, resembling Miss Grainger, was more prodigal of her caresses, as women are apt to be in the presence of a lover; and folded me impressively in her arms, with a considerable show of affectionate sympathy, for which she was rewarded by Mr. Grainger kissing her hand with an air of courtly homage, and drawing a chair near to hers, after he had seated me in one opposite the trio.

In the mirror above the marble chimney-piece I could see myself perched uncomfortably upright upon my chair, having a vague recollection of my mother telling me, when I was a child, that the ladies in England never lolled upon their seats. A conversation about my husband's relatives, in the course of which I was informed that Miss Yardley's great-aunt was cousin to Harry's mother, gradually merged into a magisterial examination of myself, conducted by Miss Grainger.

"Mrs. Henry Grainger," she began, "you are aware that we know absolutely nothing of your antecedents and connexions. It is a most remarkable circumstance that Harry never mentioned your name in his communications to us, nor indeed the name of any young single person of your sex."

"I am afraid," I interrupted apologetically, "that Harry had no idea of marrying me till he was just starting home, or else he would have spoken of me, I dare say."

"May I inquire what your maiden name was?" asked Miss Grainger.

"Victoria Sydney Burke," I replied; and reminiscences of the great criminal of that name no doubt flashed across her troubled mind. "My brother Will is a lawyer in Sydney, but our house is on the Woolcomcoloo road. Tom, my youngest brother, is assistant police-magistrate at Bathurst. I have no other relations."

"Did you bring your marriage-certificate with you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" I exclaimed; "I never thought of such a thing. But we could get it any day at the York Street Chapel, where we were married."

"Married at chapel!" cried Miss Grainger, who, with all the people of Sherwood, was a stanch churchwoman. "A Grainger married at chapel! Jumped over a broom-stick nine times, I suppose!"

"I never heard of such a custom in the colony," I answered, partly perplexed and partly irritated. "We have not all the sects there that you have here, I dare say. But I told Will directly after that we had been married there, and he said what could not be cured must be endured."

"Eliza," interposed Mr. Grainger, "Captain Thompson's letter was quite satisfactory."

Miss Grainger was silent for a few minutes, glancing over the pages of her volume on *Botany Bay*, while Mr. Grainger and Miss Yardley conversed apart, she with an air of maidenly condescension, and he with looks and tones of the most refined deference. I watched them all with furtive but keen inspection.

"Were you born in Australia?" suddenly inquired my examiner.

"We were all born in the colony," I said, with a mournful pride. "My father emigrated from Ireland when he was quite young, and my mother was a native of Paramatta, but her parents were English. I don't think we have any relations living in England. I am sure none ever wrote to us."

Miss Grainger paused again, as she unconsciously referred to the index of her *Guide to the Penal Settlements* for the town of Paramatta, until her misgivings conquered every dictate of hospitality and good breeding.

"You are very young, my dear," she said, insinuatingly; "do not be afraid of us. We shall not judge you, or any body else, harshly. But you would relieve my mind very considerably if you could inform me for what reason your parents emigrated to Botany—I mean to the Australian settlements. Don't be afraid of confiding in us."

She uttered the last words in a persuasive and patronising accent; but it was utterly impossible that my colonial susceptibility on this point should leave me in ignorance as to her meaning. I, the daughter of free settlers, who had never spoken on equal terms with any descendant of a convict, was asked significantly for what reason my parents had emigrated! I sprang from my seat, and confronted my amazed guardian with flaming eyes and hurried, quivering lips.

"Take me back," I gasped, stamping my foot with rage; "I will not stay in this house for one single night. How could my father and mother emigrate? I will go back to Sydney to-night. You have no right to insult me so, because I am a married woman."

Mr. Grainger left his seat by my side, and drew me to his side again, with his arm round my waist, while he lowered his voice into a very quiet tone.

"Come, come, my child," he said. "Miss did not mean to insult you. It is necessary for you stay with us for a time, and you will grieve me if you do not find home in Harry's house, my dear. You shall stay as my own peculiar guest, and if Margaret will not ask you to accompany her on her morning visits, I will take you myself. Miss Yardley, I am sure, will be glad to accompany the poor little girl."

Miss Yardley looked her full assent and condescension where Mr. Grainger had stood, and conducted me upstairs, and into the bed-room which was to be mine. Parrot and she had constantly passed my door during the night, and I had received the slightest degree of quietness, she commenced her own private investigation.

"Poor Harry!" she sighed. "You are aware, my love, that he went out on business for Mr. Grainger? Do you know whether he succeeded or not?"

"We never talked about business," I answered, sobbing again at the mention of Harry's name, "because we were only married three weeks. But I am afraid he failed, for he said one day he wished he had died at home,—he had done more harm than good by coming out."

"We shall know for certain to-morrow," she said, glancing round at the huge pile of trunks in the corner. She sat still for a long time, gazing into the fire with her light, shallow, glassy eyes, and smiling every now and then as she tapped her foot restlessly upon the fender. Just as I was falling asleep that night, she came in again to ask me if I were comfortable, and stayed looking at my luggage until she heard Mr. Grainger's step upon the stairs, leaving me with a sweet-toned "Good night" as he passed my door. No doubt he thought her an angel.

The next day Harry's boxes were carried down into Mr. Grainger's private room.—They were all opened and examined by him and me alone; but several times my ear caught the rustling of silk and the tread of stealthy footsteps in the hall, and I should have been glad to open the door unexpectedly. When every loose paper had been collected, and poor Harry's desk placed upon the centre-table, Mr. Grainger seated me in a large, magisterial-looking chair on the hearth, and taking up a position opposite to me, addressed me solemnly:

"You are very young to hear about our family affairs," he said; "but, as Harry's widow, you have a right to know why I am about to examine his private papers, and even his letters. I must tell you that I have an elder half-brother, who ran away from home at the age of eighteen; and no authentic intelligence has been received of him since, though various rumors have reached us from different quarters. My father died six years since, bequeathing his estate to Rowland, if he should return within seven years of his decease; failing which, Sherwood Manor became inalienably mine, and Russett Farm, the portion of the younger son, became the inheritance of your husband, whom my father regarded as his own child. In the event of Rowland's return, he was to succeed to the Manor and I to the farm, while Harry was to receive from Rowland the sum of £3,000. Henry and I felt ourselves bound in honor and conscience to make every effort to find my missing brother. A few months ago we heard a rumor of his having been seen in Sydney, and Henry, to whom a long sea-voyage was recommended, proceeded thither at my instigation. His letters, until the last, contained no information; but in that your brother's name occurs, and he speaks of some clue he has discovered. Yet his sudden intention of returning home spears to be against the supposition that he had traced Rowland. In your presence I will examine his desk.—We shall also see if he has made any will in your favor.

Mr. Grainger unlocked the desk, and removed the papers with a deliberate and reverential hand, passing each packet to me that I might glance over its contents. Very weary and sad I felt before the task was over, which at last brought us to the conclusion that Harry had failed in his mission, and no trace of Rowland Grainger had been discovered in Sydney. Mr. Grainger went alone to communicate the result of our search to his sister and Miss Yardley, and the intelligence appeared to give them unmingled satisfaction, for both addressed me pleasantly when I joined them; and Lavinia in particular, when Mr. Grainger was absent, displayed an exuberance of spirits which went far to dissipate my awe and shyness.

Still, through all the winter, while the severity of the climate imprisoned me, I felt myself an alien in this very orderly, somewhat ceremonious, and formal household. In Miss Grainger's estimation, I was a questionable and suspicious inmate of it, needing a very strict surveillance, lest I should be connected with some "gang,"

whom of whom should before her appearance raise day and night. I should end myself under her prying vigilance immediately, until the spring came to free me, and my Cousin Humphrey made me his special charge and companion in his unlicensed outdoor life, which suited me tenfold better than the polished drawing-room seclusion of the ladies. They gave me up then to the savagery of my untamed youth, and the untrained colonial spirit I had brought with me from Sydney.

Miss Yardley had been the ward of the late Mr. Grainger, and had been engaged to Cousin Humphrey for ten years. Nothing could be more exquisite than the courtly chivalry of his mode of wooing, with all the graceful but somewhat solemn punctilio of a Sir Charles Grandison. Humphrey Grainger, with his gun and dogs, roaming over his fields, and chatting to a garrulous Australian girl, who was incorrigibly wild, and could never be trained into a decorous ladyhood, was a very different personage to the distinguished and stately gentleman who presented himself before Miss Yardley in the drawing-room, and attended upon every glance with the assiduous reverence of a vassal. Miss Yardley received his homage with a coy coldness very well befitting it; and I, with my impatience and restlessness of life, wondered how long such a courtship could be carried on.

It was not to continue long after my arrival, which had been such a crisis in their uneventful lives. Lavinia left Sherwood, to reside for a time with an aunt in Cheltenham; and her departure was the signal for the invasion of a whole host of painters and decorators and ornamental gardeners. Miss Grainger began to look out for a suitable residence in the near vicinity, where she could still be among her own people, whom she had known from their cradles. Every evening, before Humphrey could venture upon smoking a cigar, he had to write a long letter upon scented paper, and with laborious precision. The villagers, too, as they crossed our path in our daily rambles, gave utterance to respectful hints and jests, at which the squire's face would redden like a girl's, though he could not forbear smiling happily. I should have been glad to think I should see a real English wedding before I returned to the colony, if I had not felt an irrational antipathy to the bride-elect.

The alterations and embellishments in house and garden were in their very wildest confusion of progress, when one day in June I found myself with nothing to do, and time hanging heavily upon my hands, as my Cousin Humphrey was gone to a neighboring town on business. With true feminine instinct I turned to the inspection of my girlish colonial finery and treasures, to while away the hours till he returned. There had been no need to open some of my boxes, and they remained as I had packed them at home. One especially, which had been kept in my cabin during the first month of my voyage, as it contained the dresses I had selected for wearing on board, had been untouched by me since the day it had been stowed below in the hold, after I had assumed my only black gown. I remembered so well closing down the lid upon all my bright bridal outfit, bought hastily in the stores in Sydney, while I put on my dead mother's robe to honor the memory of my dead husband. As I raised the lid again, I saw lying at the top a loose warm cloak of poor Harry's, which had always hung at the head of his berth, ready to be thrown on in a moment if any casualty should occur. I had thought no more of it after wrapping it up and putting it into the box to fill up the space of my velvet dress; but now, as I lifted it up tenderly, as if it still belonged to him, I felt that one of the pockets was carefully stitched up, and contained a small packet of papers.

I had them out as quickly as my fingers, trembling with eagerness, could unfasten the close stitching. They were three letters from my brother Tom at Bathurst, in answer to some inquiries made by Will on behalf of my husband. Tom said he knew Rowland Grainger, who was then working at the diggings, and had led him into a conversation about his early life. He had run away from Sherwood in a passion of jealousy and resentment against his stepmother, resolved not to return home until he was independent of every one. That would not be at present, Tom remarked; for he was a reckless, half-civilized, dare-devil fellow, notorious even among the motley and lawless population of the Macquarrie Plains. It was evident from these letters, that for some reason Harry had not confided to either of my brothers the real object of his inquiries, but rather that he had given them the impression that he expected some aid from his kinsman towards settling in the colony. I read Tom's letter till my head ached, trying to conjecture all the consequences of this discovery. At last I roused myself to the recollection that my Cousin Humphrey must be home by this time, and that I should find him in the library writing to Lavinia. He was, as I anticipated, busy with one of his tinted, scented love-letters, and only nodded good-temperedly as I opened the door, where I stood for a minute or two watching the gleaming of his honest eyes, and his lips moving half with a smile, and half with the unconscious whispering of the words he was writing to his Lavinia. At the thought of her I gained courage, and stealing to his side, I laid my brown hand upon the delicate paper.

"Don't interrupt me, Tory," he ordered; "you know I cannot write easily. I am not clever at it, and even your presence rather disturbs me."

"Cousin Humphrey," I said, "I have just found these letters in a cloak of Harry's."

I stood beside him while he read them, endeavoring without shrinking the grasp of his iron hand upon my small fingers. The lines upon his forehead—for there will be marked lines upon the forehead of most men who are nearing forty—deepened into heavy wrinkles, and he set his teeth together as he gazed up into my face for some minutes before he spoke.

"I cannot bear it, Tory," he said; "I had made up my mind to it before you came. But now—now, when I am getting my home ready for Lavinia, after all these years of waiting! I am not bound to send for him. If Rowland comes back of himself before October, he must have the place; but after that I am safe."

"But he is found," I whispered; "your brother is found; but he will not come home of himself. He will never hear of your father's will till he has lost his inheritance. If Harry had told him, he would have been master here now. Cousin Humphrey, you said once you were bound by conscience and honor; can that bond ever be destroyed?"

"But to bring such a man to father's home,—to this peaceful little village! He will be a curse to it," said Humphrey.

"I don't know what is right," I replied, sorrowfully; "but if we had found these letters last December, when we looked for them, you would have written to your brother, and he would have been on his way home now. Do perfect honor and honesty depend upon an accident like this? If you could only decide upon what is right, and leave the rest to God!"

"But Lavinia!" he groaned.

"She will love you the better for it," I said, but not in perfect honesty myself, for I did not believe it in my heart. "If I were Lavinia, I would rather go with you into the bush than live upon a brother's birthright."

The remainder of the tinted sheet of paper on the desk before him was filled up with a very different subject, and far less elaborate penmanship than usual. Miss Grainger resented my unfortunate discovery bitterly, and appeared to think there was something felonious in my act of locking up my husband's coat in my own trunk, and that my finding the letters after this interval was part of a conspiracy. Cousin Humphrey, as if to strengthen himself against any return of indecision, made it known throughout Sherwood that Rowland was at length traced out; and at every time of telling the story to some old retainer who remembered his brother, his tone grew steadier and more cordial, as though he would be read to give the prodigal a hearty welcome. All that was lacking to complete his resignation was Lavinia's reply.

It did not come for several days, during which Humphrey was restless and anxious; but one morning a letter for him, and another for Miss Grainger, arrived. He carried his away from the breakfast-table to the retirement of the library; but I had the double pleasure of seeing Miss Grainger read hers with a most expressive face, and afterwards of reading it myself. It was a long and very pious letter, full of admiration at the mysterious ways of Providence; extremely affectionate too, for she said that, though Humphrey had so nobly and generously released her from an engagement long distasteful to her feelings, she saw nothing to interfere with the sisterly attachment which had existed between them from her cradle. It was this last sentence that lashed Miss Grainger into fury, and ever afterwards rankled in her mind.

"Base creature!" she exclaimed; "it is too true. I have known her from her very cradle, but I could never have believed this. Away with such women! they are not fit to live. Providence! When anybody does a mean, disgraceful, villainous action, they lay the blame on Providence. I have no patience. Oh, Mrs. Harry, is it possible that such a woman can be found on English soil?"

I was ashamed to discover in my own heart a latent, hardly-acknowledged sense of satisfaction, not at all sympathetic with Humphrey's unhappiness, but which enabled me to join most cordially in all Miss Grainger's censures; and as nothing has a more reconciling tendency than a thorough unison of antipathy and resentment against another, the falsehearted Lavinia became the bond of union between us. All the morning we mourned over Humphrey, and wept compassionating tears, until, both of us growing anxious about him, Miss Grainger requested me, as a privileged intruder, to venture boldly into his presence.

The library was empty; but the window was open, and I passed through it into the park, where the hay was being made. A glance was enough to convince me that my gigantic cousin was not among the group of haymakers who were loading the wagons with the great crops which he and I had helped to pile up the day before. I knew Humphrey's haunts well; and a moment's consideration turned my steps to the coppice of fir-trees beyond the park, where a path, slippery with brown needle-like spines from the boughs over-head, led to a little meadow enclosed by woods, and shadowed with wild high hedges of rose-briar and thorn. Last night we had been watching the haymakers rake the newly-mown grass into long wavy swaths; and we had lingered of or they were gone in the moonlight, sitting under a bowery hawthorn tree in the midst, by whose roots a mountain-brook rushed rapidly and noisily down its narrow channel. The field-gate was swinging upon its hinges, and as I passed through it I saw in an instant that Humphrey was there, lying under the thorn-tree, and motionless—so motionless, that, as I stood after off straining my eyes to detect some symptoms of animation, my heart beat with a sudden panic, and darting down swiftly to his side, I bent over him, and laid my hand softly upon his uncovered head. Then he moved to shake it off, but did not look up.

"It is only Tory, Cousin Humphrey," I whispered, sitting down beside him.

Cousin Humphrey hid his face upon my lap, and burst into such a passion of tears and sobs as only a strong man long unused to weeping can suffer; while I could say nothing to him, could do nothing for him, but press my hands lightly upon his bowed head, and reproach myself angrily for the unconquerable satisfaction I felt in the cause of his terrible grief.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed, at last, rising and shaking himself wrathfully. "I don't mind you, Tory; but I could not endure any one else seeing my weakness. Oh, Tory! I have had no hope these ten years, but that of making Lavinia my wife."

"She is a hateful—" I began.

"Hush! not yet!" he interrupted, with a look of pain. "You must not say a word against her, Tory. All to-day every hope and plan I have ever formed have been passing through my mind again; and all the letters she has written, and every word of love, so few and rare, that she has ever spoken. I shall never be the same man again. See, Tory, here is her portrait."

It was a delicate miniature on ivory, with a smile upon the fair false face. He had been keeping it close in his hand; but as he held it towards me, I snatched it from him in a sudden freak of indignation, and dashed it against the stones of the mountain-stream at our feet. He looked amazed, and in some degree ruthful—this rather slow, impassive, phlegmatic British gentleman; but he made no effort to recover the shattered fragments, already whirling down the tiny eddies of the rejoicing current. He lifted me over the brook, which I had crossed unaided in running down to him, and carried me some paces beyond it, held fast and close in his arms; and as we walked home side by side he rested his hand upon my shoulder, leaning upon me, and being led by me as one blind with rage or sorrow.

Never was I so mortified and humiliated in my life as to perceive how quickly a man can rally after the most cruel blow dealt by the most faithless of our sex. Sadly, with merciless reprobation of Lavinia's perfidy, I allotted many months for the term of Cousin Humphrey's mourning over the blighted hopes of his life, fearing that, as he said, he would never be the same man again. Mr. Grainger was moody, and inclined to an excess in solitary cigars, the next day and the day after; but on the fourth morning I heard him as usual early under my window, whistling his dogs about him, and summoning me imperiously to our customary stroll through the dewy fields. In a week he could laugh as heartily as ever; and before a fortnight had passed he was able to speak of Miss Yardley with Grandisonian magnanimity and courtesy, only smiling at Miss Grainger's very severe strictures, when along the chain of our numerous relatives ran the electric communication that Lavinia was going to marry a clergyman in Cheltenham.

For the first three or four months of my sojourn at Sherwood, the subject of my thoughts and conversation had been the letter that Mr. Grainger had written to my brother, and the reply I anticipated receiving from him. But as the many silent months passed by which could bring no message from my distant home, it seemed as if the limitless sea had flowed over Australia, so forgetful was I grown of its associations, so careless of hearing again of my brother's home. It was almost like the shock of an unexpected event when, at the end of August, a colonial letter arrived addressed to my cousin; and I could hardly conceal or control my agitation as I leaned over the back of his chair to read it with him. It was a very brief and laconic note, written by one of my brother's clerks:

"SIR—I am instructed by Mr. Wm. Burke to reply to yours of Dec. 16th ult. You will oblige him by embarking Mrs. Victoria Sydney Grainger in the next mail steamer leaving England. Enclosed is a draft for the passage out, and for the incidental expenses incurred by you during Mrs. V. S. G.'s residence under your roof."

Humphrey's sunburnt face grew more swarthily red as he perused this short epistle, and Miss Grainger bridled with haughty hospitality, though there was something reassuring in this ready remittance, which had no taint of felony or poverty about it. Little was said, but both of them seemed to consider my immediate departure inevitable; and Miss Grainger commenced energetic preparations for it, insisting upon providing me with a thorough English outfit, as if we could not procure similar articles in the colony. She would not rest without making Humphrey go down to Southampton beforehand, wasting four of my precious days, that he might secure the very best and most comfortable cabin for me; and after his return she studied all the almanacs she could find to ascertain when the equinoctial gales would begin, every evening giving us a different and more appalling statement respecting them.

The equinoctial gales had sent no pioneer before them on the third Sunday in September. It was a warm, soft, brilliant day, with the scented fragrance of early autumn pervading the serene atmosphere; a very quiet, peaceful day, with neither business sounds nor the boisterous merriment of village children at play; only the chiming of the church-bells, which rang like a knell to me. I was very miserable, hearing amid the stillness the monotonous splash of waves, as they had followed me during that long separating voyage of my widowhood; a wilderness of desolate waves, which I was again to cross. In the evening I strolled out with Cousin Humphrey, to wander, without aim or purpose, through the fields, as our custom had been all the summer through, talking together in a subdued tone, partly of reverence for the day, and partly of quiet enjoyment. But to-day I could not talk; and Humphrey, sitting on the stile which divided two of his corn-fields, lit his cigar, and smoked in placid silence, while I placed myself on the cross-bar at his feet.—These golden shocks of corn, standing erect with plumed heads, I had watched growing from the first tender blade; and they were ripe and ready for gathering in now,—memorials of all the pleasant rambles across these furrows since the early spring. I remembered Humphrey pointing out to me the first swallow that ventured to try his dusky wings; and here was a whirling, careering crowd of them, shrieking with delight as they darted in and out among the upright sheaves. Australia was so far away! This fond, long, lingering twilight, full of vague suggestions and emotions, dearer to me than the broad common light and darkness of my native land; the wild melody of song ringing from tree to tree, which stirred my heart unessily though rapturously; those deep, mystic shadows of the broad-leaved trees—I felt that it would break my heart to hear and see all this no more. Yet we sat so still in the fading light of the western sky behind us, that an indolent grasshopper at my feet crawled lazily through the bending spears of grass, not caring to leap out of our motionless shadows; and a linnet in a poplar tree near us sang deliriously, in an ecstacy of song, as it faced the crimson sunset. I watched and listened, thinking listlessly of the barren and silent waters I had to voyage over, until both grasshopper and linnet disappeared; and, as if I were already come to the moment of my departure, I wrung my hands with a gesture of despair, and turned away my face from Humphrey's scrutiny.

"What ails my little woman now?" he asked, in the lowered, modulated tone he reserved for me, and only used to me upon rare occasions. "What does all this trouble mean at this particular moment?"

"Oh, nothing!" I sobbed; "only foolishness. I feel so tossed about from country to country; and I want to be at rest somewhere. It is so peaceful here! I don't want to leave these singing birds, and this long, pleasant dusk. I like England best now. I found it out this morning in church when we read, 'forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.' I've done it, Cousin Humphrey; and, oh, I am so afraid of that long voyage alone!"

"Is there nothing else you do not want to leave?" asked the same low, tender voice.

"Oh, I don't want to leave you!" I said, recklessly; "at least not just yet. I should like to stay till you were settled at Russett Farm, so that I might know the rooms you were living in when I am away in the colony. I could be of some use to you now, Cousin Humphrey; I could help you now that you are going to be a poor man."

"Tory, if you are to stay any longer with me, it can only be as my wife."

I did not move or speak, but sat like a statue, looking straight forward at the sheaves of corn. There was a breathless pause, for the birds had finished singing, and the swallows, fled to distant fields, were only just visible against the evening sky.—The only sound was the tiny rustling of the poplar-leaves overhead, clapping continuously together with a small, cheery murmur of applause.

"Stand up, Tory, and look at me," said Humphrey.

I obeyed him. His face was anxious and overcast, and his eyes met mine with a keen and penetrating gaze. I stretched out my hand to him, and he grasped it in both of his.

"Don't let be a selfish scoundrel, Tory," he said, in a tone of remonstrance; "don't let me take advantage of your impulsive nature. God knows, till Lavinia jilted me, I never thought of this; never felt what a void there would be in my life when my little Australian was gone back to her colony. But I found it out when I discovered that I was not unhappy at Lavinia's desertion.—It is this simple, wild, untaught, unfettered little linnet that was nestling down in my heart, and making the music of home for me. I shall miss you every hour of the day; every time I cross my fields; every moment I spend alone in my library."

"I will not go," I murmured.

"My darling, you have made one mistake in you generous, impetuous youth. Remember, I am an old man compared to you; impoverished now; rejected, too, by the woman betrothed to me for years. Tory, be careful how you answer me."

"I don't like young men," I answered; and Mr. Grainger laughed at my earnestness, a laugh full of triumph and satisfaction; "and I hate being grand and formal and rich; and, oh, I shall enjoy Lavinia's knowing that she has not broken your heart. I shall make such a good farmer's wife; and you will love me all my life long."

The twilight, lingering as it was, had quite died away before we moved; and then, as we walked home through the dark, Humphrey's arm carefully round me lest I should stumble, I began to tremble for the effect our communication would have upon Miss Grainger. In the hall I paused, and looking timidly up to him, I asked, in a whisper,

"How ever are we to tell Eliza?"

"Let us do it at once," he said, promptly.

She was studying the equinoctial gales when we entered the drawing-room; and Humphrey, leading me to her with something of the grave deference of his old manner to Lavinia, informed her that I had done him the honor to accept him as a suitor. She did not comprehend him at first; but when the truth dawned upon her, she saw in it only a triumph over Lavinia, and she earnestly entreated that we would be married before that treacherous creature.—The next day she wrote to Lavinia's aunt, who was of some remote degree of consanguinity, and gave her a highly eulogistic description of Humphrey's bride,—

"A young lady quite after my own heart, from the colony of Australia, whose brothers are two of the leading men of Sydney; and who will come into possession of a very large property, bequeathed to her by her estimable father, as soon as she is of age.—My brother Humphrey justly considers himself the happiest of men."

We were married, and settled at Russett Farm before Rowland Grainger returned.—Never did a fastidious, prejudiced gentleman suffer a greater agony of dismay than did Miss Grainger, when unexpectedly one day the master of Sherwood Manor presented himself before her—a brawny, stalwart frame, attired in a blue Guernsey frock, belted round the waste, and a bearded, weather-beaten face, round which the hair fell in shaggy locks. But Rowland proved better than we expected. He subsided into a self-contained, rather quiet, and respectable country gentleman, not at all difficult to live with, as Eliza proved, for she continued to reign as lady-paramount at Sherwood Manor; and Rowland was never weary of narrating to her the most extraordinary stories of that long episode in his life which he had spent very far away from the safe domestic circle of anxious relatives, who would have rejoiced in scanning every step of his path from his cradle to his grave.

☞ Experiments have shown that a man's finger nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years, renews his nails one hundred and eighty-six times. Allowing each nail an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of seventy-seven feet and six inches.

☞ The young gentleman who sang—

"My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee,"

was solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family from the receipts of such a store, and earnestly enjoined him not to undertake the experiment with any member of his household. The heartless wretch!

☞ One way of giving a man a chance to rise in the world is to knock him down.

☞ "MAY YOUR SHADOW NEVER BE LESS."—"What do yo mean," said I once to an ex-ambassador, who had passed a long time in Europe—"what do you mean by the salutation 'May your shadow never be less?'" "We live," answered the Khan, pleasantly, "under a very not sun in Persia, and we retire to the shadow for repose and peace. The power of a great man gives rest and tranquillity to many, for none dare to injure or molest those whom he protects. So we call that power his shadow, and hope for our own sakes as well as his that it may never diminish."—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

☞ DISCOURAGED.—A Pike's Peaker, writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to *dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.*

☞ If you visit a young woman, and you are won and she is won, you will both be one.

Poverty is often despair. A poor fellow went to hang himself, but finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he who had hidden the pot went and hung himself.

☞ My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling; there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.

☞ An editor down South says that he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a cotemporary.

THE OLD CROW.

On the limb of an oak and a jolly old crow,
And chatted away with glee—with glee,
And he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried it in all for me—for me.

Look, look! how he scatters the seed around,
He is wonderful kind to the poor—the poor,
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I'm sure—I'm sure.

I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such a regard for the crow—the crow,
That he lays out his ground in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row—a row.

He must have a very great fancy for me,
He tries to entrap me enough—enough;
But I measure the distance as well as he,
And when he comes near I'm off—I'm off.

J. G. W.

☞ There has been published a pretty romance regarding the naming of the steamboat Winona for the daughter of a New Hampshire Indian chief, loved and married by a white man, who left her to die of grief, while he went back to busy life, erecting back after many years to die on Winona's grave. Very pretty, but the St. Paul Press knocks all the romance out of it by showing that Winona means the "first daughter," in the Indian tongue, and that the squaws of a tribe are Winona, so some the name was given in compliment to Minnesota.

☞ A Philadelphia soap-manufacturer announces a peculiar article for the shaving toilet, as "famous for its power to soften, and unequal in its *velvety blandness*." "Velvety blandness" is admirable; and the single expression is quite sufficient to prove that instead of being a mere soap-manufacturer, getting a more or less respectable living, that man ought to have been a poet, and starving in a garret.

☞ A phrased phoeling phunlly phlgnrative, phurnishes the phollowing:—"Sy 4tunate 4esters- 4tultously 4tyfying them 4urenes, 4cibly 4bade 4y 4imidable 4dgment, 4ming 4aging does."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "MAIN LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECIPES, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as those sold for $45. The machine will be selected from the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A LITTLE ROMANCE
FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

Among the contents in the Round-Table, says a writer for the New York Courier, I had often noticed a youthful, quadrangle figure, very gothic in outline, and very much out of which flashed up to me with the recognizance of one of Professor Pepper's famous ghosts from some sharp turn or angle in that delightful promenade. The lady was clothed in the deepest mourning, and her features were that air of supernatural loveliness which one sometimes sees in old paintings of the Madonna. She was never accompanied—always alone—and appeared to be possessed by a settled melancholy which rendered her a thousand times more interesting in the eyes of the frequenters, some of whom began to notice her with marked attention.

Her apparent want of friends by degrees attracted the sympathy of a romantic young action of the Upper Ten, who, having more time than he knew what to do with, was accustomed to cultivate, in a platonic way, all outside impressions, the soul of this chivalrous youth was soon impregnated with a passion for the fair unknown, which grew all the more intense from the fact that it had nothing more tangible than an image to feed upon. For weeks our Strephon haunted the paths she frequented, growing daily and hourly thinner with corroding thought. No prospect appeared of obtaining the desired introduction; the lady was distant as ever, and cold wintal as an icicle. He doubted whether she had noticed him, and yet, with what marked observation as he had bestowed upon her, such blindness seemed hardly possible. At last the fates relented. One afternoon, during the performance of one of Dodworth's waltzes, the eyes of the fair unknown encountered his. They were looking in tears. Observing his regards, she rose, and with a melancholy smile, led the way to the Ramble. Strephon followed, at that respectful distance prescribed by the rules of ordinary politeness. In a remote corner of the mazes he found her seated. She was seated on a bench, and was observed in pensive revery, her cheek leaning upon her jeweled hand, as pale as that of a statue. "Now's the time if ever," thought Strephon, as he plumped himself down by his inamorata. A hap hazard remark respecting the romantic loveliness of the spot elicited a brief response, and a heavy sigh. "What a sigh was there," quoth Strephon, sorely, some secret grief, some irremediable sorrow must underlie so profound a melancholy. If my humble endeavors might cause a blush to come upon that check, etc., etc. He had studied it from the latest fashionable novel, and had not miscalculated the effect. The lady was both flustered and flattered, but in the manner and appearance of Strephon there was no such in his favor that she could not feel otherwise than flattered with such attentions.

The unknown was an heiress in her own right, residing with her parents in a fine brown stone front in one of the avenues adjacent. Her story was a sad one. At an early stage of the war she had bestowed her affections upon a noble youth who had unfortunately taken service in the rebel army. An only brother commanded one of the regiments of the opposite side. During a recent engagement these two had come in collision, and the sword of the brother had drank her Theodore's blood. This was why she was so sad; this was why she haunted the Ramble and the Mall with such perseverying assiduity, since she had once delighted to stray with the object of her affections. "Excuse me, sir," she added, "but you look so like Theodore."

Now she had described Theodore as being very handsome, and, encouraged by this compliment, the youth ventured to offer her his arm for a stroll. The intimacy thus begun resulted in an invitation to the paternal mansion. Pa and ma were absent at Newport, but she thought there could be no possible objection to a step which gave her the acquaintance of the son of one of the most unexceptionable families in our neighborhood.

Strephon became exceedingly infatuated, and finding that owing to her parent's absence he had the whole field to himself, he laid vigorous siege to his adored. Understanding well the influence of the money wields, even in affairs of the heart, he loaded the lady well with costly presents, besought to make use of his checks to any amount, and acted more like one demented than as the possessor of a fortune.

At last the climax came, as come it must. The lady had given an entertainment at which were present a number of invited guests. The music and refreshments were of the best, the beloved one had laid aside her mourning and came out in the most resplendent of butterfly costume. She would dance with no one but Strephon. He was intoxicated with love and happiness.

But hark! What sounds are those that rend the air without? There is a gabbling of voices, a banging open of doors, a tramping of footsteps, a rush, and—enter a portly, red visaged elderly personage in whom our enamored Strephon was speedily taught to honor as the proprietor of the mansion.

Adored one fainted, and was carried out in hysterics. The irate father followed up by the mother, and in the genuine daughter sudd nly cleared the house, and Strephon, to his dismay, learned that he had been paying his addresses to the servant in charge!

These are the simple facts of the case, but names are reserved, as the matter will shortly be made the subject of judicial investigation.

TWO LADIES AND A CHILD DROWNED.—A painful occurrence transpired at Limetown, near Pittsburg, on Friday week, by which two ladies and a child lost their lives. A Miss McPheely and Miss Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, with a child of the latter, were gathering blackberries, and while the attention of Mrs. O. was called in another direction, the child got into the river and was soon beyond its depth. The mother rushed into the water to save her little one, but got into deep water just as she reached the child, and was carried some distance from the shore by the current. Miss McPheely seeing her sister ready to sink, at once went to her rescue, but soon found herself beyond her depth; struggling nobly, however, she succeeded in reaching the two, but was so exhausted as to render them but little assistance. Carried out still further by the current, and no one being at hand to aid them, all three sunk beneath the water.

THE WOMAN WITH THE DIAMOND EYE.

From over the big waters comes another curious case to show that "the course of true love does not always run smooth." Two years of the country's history, for full as much of duration, the people's feelings; he was formerly in the army, and then went into the cheese line; after which he went off to Belgium at the head of a considerable sum. In the Belgian capital he fell in with a fair widow in easy circumstances. The prospect was considered, and they were married. Before the ceremony, however, the lady, with commendable delicacy, informed her lover that she had lost one eye; that only one of those bright orbs had fascinated him, and that one was—glass, he suggested. "Yes," returned the fair spouse, "it is a real diamond, I take it off every night." The bridegroom elect expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and vowed that nothing could diminish the fervor of his attachment. On the very night of the wedding the husband, furtively arose, and made off with his better half's diamond eye. He sold it to a jeweler in Paris for 3,000 francs (far below its value,) and this little transaction led to his detection and arrest. The "diamond eye" is impounded, and its fair owner has not as yet claimed it.

MERRIMENT AT A FUNERAL.

A most extraordinary case is now trying before one of the French courts. A certain Mr. O. died, leaving an express order to his heirs that he should be buried in church, and a handsome sum paid to the priests on condition that "nobody should laugh while the service was going on." Too intelligent defunct had observed that undertakers and priests permit themselves too often to take hilarious liberties with death, and he was determined that he should be buried with the gravity appropriate to the grave. Of course the odd request got noised about; all the village came to the funeral, and everybody keeping an eye on everybody else to see that nobody should so much as wink, of next into a full guffaw and finally the *cure* himself was conquered, and cooked in his handkerchief. In short, a merrier interment was never witnessed. It was the joke of the season. But the heirs, not liking the sport, have refused to pay the clergy for their rollicking services, and the matter is now in court, where it will doubtless cease to be a laughing matter to anybody but the lawyers.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—It would seem by the following paragraph that the Missouri girls have hard work to catch husbands in these war times:—

Two guerillas were lately married in Johnson county under peculiar circumstances. Their brides having chased them a month through the country found them at Chapel Hill, and while being married all four held revolvers in their hands, while the outside doors were guarded to prevent interruption by Yankee cavalry supposed to be in the neighborhood.

☞ CHANCE FOR A LADY WITH ONE LEG.—In a London paper is to be found the following curious matrimonial advertisement:—"Marriage—The advertiser wishes to meet with a young woman who has but one leg."

☞ REMARKABLY PROLONGED SLEEP.—Dr. Cousins, of Portsmouth, England, has under his care an extraordinary case of this nature. The subject of it is a farmer, aged forty three. He has never suffered from any head affection, and his general health has been excellent. At various times during the last twenty years he has been subject to unusually prolonged sleep. The longest period of somnolency is five days and nights; three is not uncommon, and even four, but the average time is about two days. He never dreams; memory is retentive, and when he becomes conscious after these attacks, he remembers everything that happened just before.

☞ Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

☞ Quin told Lady Berkeley that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "I would to Heaven the spring would look like your ladyship."

☞ German girls have gone to service in the harvest fields in Northern Illinois, where they receive one dollar per day wages.

☞ The Venango Spectator has received strawberries that "looked as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with their blushes."

☞ In the course of the current year, 1863, one bookselling house in Germany, it is said, attains the two-hundreth year of its existence, and four others may celebrate their hundredth anniversary.

☞ The rebellion fared badly during the month of July. During the month twenty-eight contests occurred in various parts of the extensive area of the rebellion, in which the Union troops were uniformly successful. They captured more than 300 guns and 80,000 prisoners.

☞ A GOOD IDEA —At an entertainment in Winstead, Ct., recently, Mrs. Frank Moore, wife of the editor of the Winstead Herald, was awarded the premium as "the handsomest married lady."

☞ An orator, perspiring freely, in a husky voice, said: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." The newspapers printed the speech, leaving the "a" out of "window."

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.—Probably the Cherokees were before the war the richest community in the world. Besides large individual fortunes, the national wealth was enormous. The annuities of the Choctaws and other nations in the Territories were very large indeed. Tah-lah quah, when the writer visited it, in the fall of 1859, was then a handsome town of 2,000 or 4,000 inhabitants, with many fine buildings, public and private—being in that respect, as indeed in most substantial town than any other I had seen on the frontier or in the West generally. It is reported to be almost deserted. The Tuzzas and Creeks have packed it traitorously. The National seminaries, of which there are two, male and female, were the most complete institutions of learning in the Union outside of the older states, have been plundered. Books, scientific instruments, &c., are torn, broken, and scattered in all directions. So with the National buildings and private residences. The country around Tah-lah-quah and Park Hill (the latter is the residence of President Ross) is most beautiful to look upon. The fertility is boundless, and, when peace shall bring again the arts of civilization, and the inflowing tide of immigration shall flow to the Arkansas and Canadian rivers, this region will become one of the great granaries of the world.—*Gov. Times.*

☞ Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been dull during the past week, about 8000 bbls have been disposed of within the range of $5.75@6.38 ₱ bbl for good and fair Penna and Ohio, and $6.25@6.50 for fresh Genesee, including 100 bbls fresh ground extra at $6.75; 600 bbls Jenny Lind extra family at $7.50. The sales to retailers and bakers have ranged from the above for low grades up to our highest quotations for fancy lots. Rye Flour is scarce, and ranges from $4.50 to 5.25 ₱ bbl. In Corn Meal the only transaction was 400 bbls Brandywine at $4.30 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat from all sources have been small during the past week, and, with a fair demand, the prices have advanced 2@3c ₱ bus. The sales reach 30,000 bus at $1.31@1.38 for old red; $1.10@1.30 for damp and good new, and $1.45 up to 1.60 for fair Pennsylvania and choice Kentucky white. The receipts of Rye are small, and it has been in demand at $1.06 for old, and 90c for new. Corn has been in active request, and we advance our quotations 3c ₱ bus. Sales of 25,000 bus at 68c for yellow, and 77@78c for mixed Western, including some damaged at 65 up to 73c. Oats are in better demand. Sales of 25,000 bus new at 35@36c, chiefly at 35c; last sales of old were at 70c, weight. In Barley and Barley Malt prices are entirely nominal.

PROVISIONS—Small sales of Mess Pork at $14@14.25 for new, and $11.75 ₱ bbl for old. Beef is very quiet, and the sales are mostly confined to small lots for ship stores at $18@16, and country at 12@12.50, cash. Bacon—There is a fair demand for Hams at full rates. Sales of 400 tierces canvassed at 12@13½c, and plain at 11½@11¾c. Sides are nominal at 7c; 25 bbls Shoulders sold at 6c. Green Meats—Sales of Hams in pickle at 10½@10¾c; in salt at 8½c. Shoulders in salt at 5½@6c, cash. Lard—Sales of 1000 tierces new at 10¼@10½c, now held higher, and kegs at 11¾c. Prime Lard is worth 8@8½c. Butter—500 packages Ohio dairy sold at 19@19½c, and 40,000 lbs sold packed at 13@14c. Cheese sells at 11@12½c. Eggs sell at 16@17c.

COTTON—The market is very quiet. Sales of 200 bales, chiefly at 66c, cash, for middling Uplands, including some fine at 72@76c, and 117 bales by auction at 57@64c, cash.

ASHES—Prices are nominal both for Pots and Pearls.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have been very light. Small sales of fine ground No. 1 at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady at $12 50 ₱ cord for Chestnut, and $18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and prime yellow is worth 43½@45c, ₱ lb, cash.

COAL is less active but dealers are firm in their views. Orders from the Eastward come forward slowly.

COFFEE—Sales of 200 bags good Rio at 27¼@28c, Laguayra at 29@30c, and Jamaica at 27c.

COPPER—There is nothing doing in English Sheathing. Sales of Yellow Metal at 28c, 6 months, and Nails, Rods, and Spikes at 29c, 6 months.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering.—Good Western are worth 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is in abundance. Green Peaches are lower, and selling at 37½c to $1.50 ₱ bkt for soft and hard. For Dried Fruit prices are nominal.

HEMP is quiet and without sales.

HOPS continue dull, and sell only in a small way at 17 to 22c ₱ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is but little demand for Pig Metal, and sales of Anthracite has been confined to a few small lots at $30 to 34 ₱ ton for the three numbers, and 100 tons for Forge at $30. Scotch Pig is selling at $24@25; Charcoal Blooms of prime quality are scarce.

LEAD—There is but little stock of Pig here; 2000 pigs Galena sold last week at $7,50, cash.

LIME—There is a steady demand for the season, and sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards are reported at $30.50@32, and White Pine at $41.50@42 ₱ M feet. Hemlock Scantling to the amount of 200 Boards at $13@13,50. No change in Laths or pickets.

MOLASSES—The market is very quiet. Sales of 100 bbls New Orleans at 39¼@40c, on time.

PLASTER is unchanged; sales of soft at $3,75@4 ₱ ton.

POTATOES are selling at $2.25@2.37½ ₱ bbl.

RICE—There is very little stock here, but the demand is limited; sales at 7¼@7¾c, cash.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed are trifling, small sales at $5,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy seed has been in better demand, and large transactions are reported at $2,25@2,75 ₱ bus. The receipts of new Flaxseed are increasing, and it is taken by the crushers at $2@2,25.

SPIRITS—Sales of Brandy and Gin are unchanged. N. E. Rum sells at 65@67c. Whisky is firmer. Sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania and Ohio at 47@47½c, hhds at 46c, and Drudge at 44c.

SUGAR—Not much doing, but prices are firm; sales of 180 hhds Cuba at 10¾@11c, and Porto Rico at 11¼@12½c. The quotations for refined are, for crushed, 14¾c; coarse granulized, 14¾; pulverized 14½c; double loaf 14½c.

TALLOW is unchanged; sales of city rendered at 9¾@10¼c, and country at 8@9¼c.

TOBACCO is dull; the only sales reported are small lots Pennsylvania seed leaf at 12@30c each.

WOOL—There is very little doing. Sales of 60,000 lbs at 65@70c for low and medium fleece, 75c for fine, and 75@80c for tub, the latter figure for a choice lot.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1692 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 10½c cs ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 30 ₱ head. 2400 Sheep were sold at from 4¾ to 5c ₱ lb gross. 360 Hogs at from $7,00 to 7,50 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
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JOHN P. KUNZ, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WELLS, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ The following curious specimen of elegaic verse, of the date of 1801, is copied from a gravestone standing in the cemetery at Springfield:—

"My days are run, my work is done,
My resting-place is here;
This stone was got, to mark the spot,
Lest some should dig too near."

☞ The cotton bales on Fort Sumter didn't prove an efficient protection of the rebel stronghold. The guns of the fort rid them on fire and they fell into the sea. It is in vain for the rebels to look to cotton for help.

QUICK CURES.
QUICK CURES.
QUICK CURES.

THE TRUE TEST.

Doctor Radway guarantees that his READY RELIEF will not keep the patient in doubt as to certainty of cure. In all cases where PAIN is experienced RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, in a few minutes, prove its marvellous efficacy, and one bottle is sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical of its superiority to all other remedies, in curing Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Pain, Aches, and other infirmities—while in attacks of Diarrhœa, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Chills and Fever, one or two doses is sufficient. In cases of Sprains, Strains, Cramps, Spasms, Headache, &c., its application will promote ease at once. One dose internally and one application externally will stop any ordinary pain, and one bottle cure any ordinary disease. Price 25 cents.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Peter Richards, to Miss Susan Willow.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. Alfred M. Dorman, to Miss Mary Miller, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. H. McLaughlin, Mr. Edward B. Cole, to Miss Mary Cunningham, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. McCool, Mr. Montraville Adams, to Miss Annie J. Taylor.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Wiehle, Capt. Charles S. Wagner, 97th regt. Pa. Vols, to Miss Louisa Bird, daughter of Jacob Bier, Esq. both of this city.

On the 9th of June, by the Rev. George Hencock, Mr. William H. Lowsenbury, to Miss Emma Thompson, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Shinn, Mr. Charles Vanleuve, to Miss Julia Vetter, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Gustavus A. H. Ross, to Miss Margaret A. Snodgrass, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Ann, wife of Geo. Burns, aged 75 years.

On the 17th instant, at Cape Island, N. J., Mr. Robert Wilson, in his 25th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. Jane, widow of the late C. Smith, in her 38th year.

On the 18th instant, Edwin L. Moss, in his 21st year.

On the 19th instant, John Q. Anderson, in his 55th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Jane Brown, in her 77th year.

On the 17th instant, Robert Listen, aged 34 years.

On the 17th instant, Thomas Denny, in his 68th year.

On the 16th instant, Catharine Greaves, aged 80 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. Nathan P. George, in his 61st year.

On the 15th instant, James T. Derry, in his 35th year.

On the 14th instant, George S. Willen, in his 54th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 22, 1863.

Alabama	60 dis.	Mississippi	60 dis.
Canada	44 prem.	Missouri	dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	20 prem.
Delaware	par.	New Hampshire	par.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	60 dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	60 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 dis.	North Carolina	5 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2 dis.	Nova Scotia	17 prem.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	par.
Kansas		Pennsylvania, par to	dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	dis.
Louisiana	10 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	par.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	1 dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	1 to 2 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1 dis.	Virginia	50 dis.
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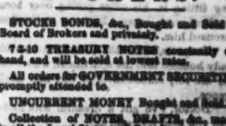

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," Limb, &c., has removed to

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Are often exposed in consequence of the inefficiency of (so called) beautifying preparations; but all who use

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE

know and feel that their secret is secure.

NO MORTAL EYE

Can distinguish the blacks and browns produced by this dye from those imparted by the Creator.

No Destructive Ingredient,

Nothing that can shrivel up, or in any way injure the hair, mingles with the *preservative vegetable elements* of this wonderful preparation.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great facility to the Hair.

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Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but upper nurture greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—Diseases of the Scalp and Loss of Hair—will warrant him in guaranteing a Cure in every case. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

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Plain Table, $5,00

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"THE HARP OF JUDAH,"

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GET IT—LOOK AT IT—TRY IT!

Specimen pages sent free.

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HAIR.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as required.
" 2.—From forehead to the crown of the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-ow9t

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. BIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterany Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.

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FOR THE
CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON,
819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Fun and Humor.

RULES FOR PASSENGERS

And Conductors of City Railroad Cars.

RULES FOR THE LADIES.

1. When a lady enters a car in which there are but few passengers, she should appropriate to herself two seats, for the proper accommodation of her flowing skirts, and as the car fills up, yield not an inch.

2. When a gentleman rises and proffers a seat to a lady in a crowded car, she will, if she belongs to the fee-fee, bounce into it without making the slightest acknowledgment.

3. Loud talking and laughing is particularly lady-like in public cars; and should one of the passengers be the subject of merriment, so much the more refined.

4. If a conductor fails to hear a question asked by a lady, in reference to where she wishes to stop, and a gentleman answers for him, she will, if she is a true lady, "look him through" for taking such an unwarrantable liberty.

5. Should a conductor forget where a lady wishes to stop, let her, on leaving the cars, give him "a regular blowing up!" This will not only teach him to mind his business better for the future, but also teach him what position he holds in society.

RULES FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

1. It is the mark of true refinement in a gentleman entering a car partially filled to make a lounge of the seats—stretching himself out at full length! If his boots soil the cushions, no matter, the ladies (considerate creatures,) wear dusters for this very purpose, to remove any mud or blacking from the seats, left by these *gentlemen*.

2. Smoking has been prohibited, except on the platforms, from whence ladies are often regaled by aromatic zephyrs; but chewing, that more elegant accomplishment, is still allowed, and as there are no spittoons in the cars, gentlemen can use their fancy by expectorating where they please; some prefer the street, and should a breeze flutter and bring the saliva back into the cars, it makes a most agreeable shower of a summer afternoon; but the most truly refined mode is to make a spittoon of the matting, and whatever is left there by gentlemen the ladies will kindly remove by sweeping up with their lengthened skirts. It is surprising how any one can doubt the *utility* of long dresses, when they are found of such public use in wiping up tobacco-spittle from our cars, &c.

3. When a gentleman sits opposite a beautiful girl, he should stare at her *all the time*. She will be much gratified by this, as all women are vain; and if she chance to blush under the gaze, it will but enhance her loveliness!

4. A gentleman should rise immediately when a fashionable young lady wants a seat, but show no politeness to either the aged or the shabbily dressed; it is the mark of a true-born gentleman to show them no attention whatever.

5. The most convincing display one can give of being a *finished gentleman* is to ask a lady in a crowded car to *sit on your lap*.

RULES FOR CONDUCTORS.

1. Keep your car as dirty as possible—cushions dusty, windows and lamps dingy. Be sure and never trim the lamp *until* the time to light them, then use for that purpose the strongest matches you can find—the damaged ones will be best, as you will probably have to use a half a dozen for that purpose, and it will make an agreeable odor for the passengers. Never be in haste in having broken glass attended to, especially in winter.

2. Keep your hammers, &c., &c., under the cushions; this will make a pleasant variety to the monotony of car-riding for the fortunate individual who may chance to occupy that seat.

3. In winter, when the weather is intensely cold, make frequent trips through the car (leaving the door open) to speak to the driver; some of the passengers may remonstrate, but it is the duty of a conductor to attend to the health of the passengers by a *frequent* ventilation of the car.

4. Be all attention to young ladies, but quite the reverse to the aged of either sex. Indeed, it will be well, and we suggest it in this connection, that our spruce young conductors call a meeting for the purpose of breaking up the barbarous practice of *old* people riding about in cars. It will be well to put a stop to this annoyance, as it is always *their slow movements* which endangers the situation of drivers and conductors by being "behind time." Should the meeting be successful, it will not only prove a benefit to the fraternity, but also to our foot citizens generally—and if by this arrangement the proprietors find themselves some hundreds out of pocket at the end of the year, what of that? Is that to be compared to the situations of their employees, being endangered by being "behind time?"

5. Some few of our young conductors have adopted a very pretty and spirited mode of introducing ladies into the cars, viz: They ring the bell while the lady is still on the platform; this gives her a graceful push into the cars, which generally (without the passengers are all Prussia) creates visible merriment, which makes a pleasant impression on all, and those who may be inclined to remonstrate will be disarmed by recommend this elegant improvement to all our conductors. KATE H.

A WAGER.

Dr. Jamison is one of the most able, talented, and eccentric surgeons of the present century. His practice embraces a large circuit, and his fame extends to every part of Massachusetts. The doctor was one morning sitting in his office poring over some medical work, when a loud rap at the door aroused him.

"Come in," said the doctor, and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

"Doctor, I've got a dreadful sore foot—can you help it?" said she.

"I will try—let me see it."

The old crone proceeded to divest her under-standing of the apology for a hoe, with which it was covered, and displayed to the astonished doctor a foot—and such a foot!

"La, doctor, ye needn't be in such wonderment about it. There's dirtier feet than that, I'll warrant—ay, and dirtier feet than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies, your daughters, are, for all that."

And the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the doctor's surprise.

"Woman, if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you five dollars, and cure your foot for nothing!"

"'Pon honor?" cried the beldame.

"'Pon honor," said the doctor.

The woman stripped off the other stocking, and displayed a foot that beggared all description, grinning in the face of the astonished doctor as she exclaimed,

"Gie me the money! I knowed it—I stealed 'tother 'fore I came here."

UNACCEPTABLE GRATITUDE.

Lieutenant J——n, late of the Sixteenth Regiment, was a few days ago walking down Main Street, Utica, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute:

"God bless your honor," said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be Irish, "and long life to you."

"How do you know me?" said the lieutenant.

"Is it how do I know your honor?" responded Pat. "Good right, sure, I have to know the man who saved my life in battle."

The lieutenant, highly gratified at this tribute to his valor, slid a fifty cent bill into his hand, and asked him when.

"God bless your honor, and long life to you," said the grateful veteran. "Sure it was at Antietam, when, seeing your honor run away as fast as your legs could carry you from the rebels, I followed your lead, and ran after you out of the way; whereby, under God I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honor, I never will forget it to you."

A Broad Hint, Rather.—An editor from the Hoosier state, says this is the style in which the fair ones in his vicinity, convey the hint to backward swains:

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply.

"I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

The Way of Writing Some Romances.—Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like the hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself; was, however, immediately heard, so stood himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—*all this was the work of a second!*

A Woman's Lecture.—A lady writes—"I have been to hear a woman lecture. Above all things, I am convinced that two requirements are inevitably necessary in the composition of a good lady lecturer—Teeth and Talent! I put teeth first, because very sound talent may be shockingly mangled in having to pass stragglingly or totally 'demoralised' ivories. On the contrary, two rows of shining, compact little 'pearls,' capable of silvery s'es and cleanly articulated t's and d's, may prove pleasantly entertaining though not backed by any great genius or radiant rhetoric."

Lift Me Higher.—A girl, thirteen years old, was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said, softly,

"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"

Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said,

"No, not that! but there!" again looking earnestly toward Heaven whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her gravestone these words are now carved:

"Jane B——, aged thirteen. Lifted higher."

A beautiful idea of dying, was it not? Lifted higher!

☞ When you see a dwarf, you may take it for granted that his parents never made much *of him*.

CARRY'S FIRST OFFER.

On the Morning After Their Arrival at Newport, Where Pa has Taken a House for the Summer, Close to the Beach.

Enterprising Tradesman.—"Would you like to be engaged to a butcher, Miss? (Carry, confused, 'Really I—') for I shall be very happy if I can suit you in the rib or tender-line way."

[Exit Carry, thinking the man either downright crazy or very impertinent.

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe for ever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere:
No true crown of honor can be given
Till the wreath lies upon a funeral bier.

How the children leave us: and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, for ever gone; and in their places,
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours:
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost: and life will take it,
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, that makes it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret:
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own;
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never:
Love that to death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours for ever,
As no change can rob us of our dead.

So when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.

The water which drowns us—a fluent stream—can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. A crystallized part of the oil of roses—so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow, so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst, rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted, it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water; when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Scientific American.*

TEA TASTING.

Few of our readers are aware that tea tasting is reduced to a regular profession, one which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating.—The success of the tea broker or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make from twenty to forty thousand dollars per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and, breathing his warm breath upon it, he snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down to the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade, makes the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly marvellous, but the effect of the business on their health is ruinous.—They grow lean, nervous, and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work, they feel and act as fidgetty and cross as if they had the hysterics.

☞ A Dutchman's heartrending soliloquy is described thus:—"She lofes Shon Mickle so petter as I, because he has cot koople tollars more as I has."

☞ Beef steaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be hauled over the coals.

Agricultural.

DRYING APPLES.

We have known a help-meet cut and dry apples during the winter instead of the fall, and it has been enough for us. On seeing the white, clean, dried pieces, we were at once convinced. Here is the point: Not a fly speck was there, no mould, no rot. It was the perfection of a dried apple.

Another advantage: Apples then are ripe, or nearly so, they have the perfection of their flavor; and this flavor will be present when the fruit is served.

Do our housewives consider this? The fruit should be, when dried, just what it is when used in the fall or winter undried. Then we are particular to select the best. But for dried fruit, "anything will do." What an error this is. No wonder that dried fruit pie is an ordinary affair compared with the fresh, juicy apple pie.

Tea Culture in California.—An effort is making in California to test the cultivation of tea. Mr. H. A. Somtag, at the Mission, a short distance from San Francisco, has one thousand thrifty-looking plants of this year's growth, from seed procured by a gentleman in China. The climate of California is about the same as that of the best tea-growing sections of China. As tea plants must be four years old before the leaves are suitable for picking, some time must elapse before the success of the experiment of growing tea in California can be determined.

The Three Forts Rattlebrain.

1. If you wish meats to a worm know always select an inside corner, because it is cheapest, and because your hearers will almost always tangle their halters in the projecting ends of an outside corner.

2. These, as well as elsewhere, if you tie with a loop knot, do not consider your horses' heads to the breeze. Five minutes in a favorable position, is better than ten in an unfavorable one.

3. Never rest a scoop shovel against a fanning mill.

4. Do not prop a barn door open with a pitch-fork, for a gust of wind may break both door and fork.

5. Plan your garden so that it may be cultivated by a horse. Much labor may be thereby saved, and the culture will be much more thorough.

6. When ploughing in warm weather you desire to rest your team, stop on an eminence, if such there is, and always with your horses' heads to the breeze. Five minutes in a favorable position, is better than ten in an unfavorable one.

7. Label all packages of seed or medicine. A lady last spring offered me a package of what she said was choice lettuce seed; when I reached home I found that it contained melon seed.

8. A variety of farm product fills up the season, occupies the time of permanent help to advantage, and on the principle of "having two strings to one's bow," and of "not having too many eggs in one basket," is more sure.

9. One of the greatest and most common defects in road repairing is a failure to even the surface. A turnpike left in hillocks is long a rough road to travel, and the little basins hold water, consequently they become mud holes.

10. Industry, carefulness, and skill are the elements of success. More happiness is found associated with active habits than ever was, or ever will be found in connection with indolence.

Digging About Fruit Trees.—The ground over which the roots of garden trees are generally cultivated is dug once or twice a year, so that every surface fibre is destroyed and the larger roots driven downwards; they consequently imbibe crude, watery sap, which leads to much apparent luxuriance in the trees. This, in the end, is fatal to their well-doing.

Useful Receipts.

Tomato Pudding.—Slice the tomatoes, place a layer of them in the bottom of an earthen dish, cover with bread crumbs, profusely seasoned; add another layer of tomatoes and cover with bread crumbs as before, and, when the dish is filled, place on the top a piece of butter. Put the dish into a moderate oven, and if two layers of tomatoes fill it, twenty minutes will be long enough for them to be sufficiently cooked.

Broiled Tomatoes.—In order to have tomatoes nice, cooked in this manner, the largest ones must be selected. Cut them into rather thick slices, seasoning each piece with pepper and salt. Use an oyster gridiron to broil them on—a common one will answer—and cook them but a few moments. When sent to the table, add butter.

Preserving Tomatoes.—Much cooking of this fruit destroys not only its flavor, but leaves a pultaceous mass, hardly recognizable by its taste or appearance. As my wife has a more excellent way—so we think—I will describe it. Put the tomatoes into a large dish; then pour on boiling water so that the rind or peel can be more readily taken off; after which, squeeze a good part of the juice out of the tomato while it is in the hand; then cut into two to four pieces according to size. Cook for a few minutes until well heated through; bottle, using no corks, thick drilling only, cemented on the under side, put on the mouth of the bottle and pressed down and tied. Then with a spoon dip on the wax (resin with a little lard,) until the top is covered; when cool, set in cellar and exclude the light. Prepared in this way, you will get the real, genuine flavor of the tomatoes when cooked, nearly equal to those just picked from the vines.—*L. G., in American Agriculturist.*

Green Tomato Pickle.—Slice the tomatoes, with one-eighth to one-sixth as many onions: lay them down in jars, sprinkling in fine salt at the rate of about an ordinary teacupful to 8 gallons of the sliced fruit. Let them stand over night, drain; add a few green cayenne pepper pods and nasturtiums. Chop until not larger than grains of corn; drain thoroughly; pack in jars, adding white mustard seed, unground cinnamon, and bruised (not ground) clover. Pour on cold vinegar, cover with a plate *within* the jar, to keep the pickle under the vinegar.

Trap for Bugs—A Sure Thing.—Take a board, say a foot wide and four feet long, puncture it with many holes with a small bit, put it inside of the headboard and next to the pillows. If there is a bug about the bed he will find the way to the holes in the board soon. Take it out every morning, hold it over the fire or water, and give it a few raps with a hammer, then put it in place and repeat. This is catching the fellow in a hurry and upon philosophical principles—the best antidote we have yet heard of."

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 14, 6, 11, 16, 6, is a river in Russia.
My 15, 16, 8, 12, is the name of a rebel General.
My 6, 6, 12, 3, is part of the body.
My 1, 7, 17, 4, is a fastening.
My 13, 16, 8, 18, is a river in Egypt.
My 13, 16, 9, is a name for a horse.
My 8, 16, 12, 4, is used for wounded soldiers.
My 3, 12, 18, 11, 12, is the name of a girl.
My 14, 2, 12, 8, is valuable to the rebels.
My whole is the name of a battle fought in 1863.

Philadelphia, Pa. J. J. HOWLEY.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 9, 3, 3, is a boy's nickname.
My 10, 8, 5, 6, is a title of nobility.
My 1, 4, 7, is a nickname often applied to a girl.
My whole is a very useful article.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in hot, but not in cold.
My 2nd is in bought, but not in sold.
My 3rd is in whisper, but not in talk.
My 4th is in run, but not in walk.
My 5th is in come, but not in go.
My 6th is in rain, but not in snow.
My 7th is in rise, but not in fall.
My 8th is in bitter, but not in gall.
My 9th is in bush, but not in tree.
My 10th is in stung, but not in bee.
My 11th is in wrong, but not in right.
My 12th is in drunk, but not in "tight."
My 13th is in year, but not in day.
My 14th is in grass, but not in hay.
My 15th is in wheat, but not in corn.
My 16th is in thistle, but not in thorn.
My 17th is in sport, but not in fun.
My 18th is in friar, but not in nun.
My 19th is in fork, but not in spoon.
My 20th is in song, but not in tune.
My 21st is in storm, but not in gale.
My 22nd is in scythe, but not in flail.
My 23rd is in high, but not in low.
My 24th is in tier, but not in row.
My 25th is in sceptre, but not in crown.
My 26th is in up, but not in down.
My 27th is in thumb, but not in hand.
My 28th is in soft, but not in sand.
My 29th is in pistol, but not in gun.
My 30th is in moon, but not in sun.
My 31st is in street, but not in road.
My 32nd is in cut, but not in sewed.
My 33rd is in log, but not in stump.
My 34th is in hard, but not in bump.
My 35th is in short, but not in long.
My 36th is in bell, but not in gong.
My 37th is in bread, but not in meat.
My 38th is in chair, but not in seat.
My 39th is in garden, but not in park.
My 40th is in light, but not in dark.
My 41st is in tack, but not in nail.
My 42nd is in tub, but not in pail.
My 43rd is in slow, but not in fast.
My 44th is in throw, but not in cast.
My 45th is in luck, but not in chance.
My 46th is sleep, but not in trance.

My whole is a proverb,
That 'tis well known
Came from the lips
Of brave Napoleon.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Flake, Cincinnati.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the diameter of a circle which has the following property, viz.: The number of acres in it are equal to the number of rods in its circumference, added to the number of rods in the side of a square inscribed in it in such a manner that the angles of the square shall be in the circumference of the circle?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a professed joker like a politician? Ans.—Because he is a licensed wit-teller.

☞ Why is the nose put in the middle of the face? Ans.—Because it is the scenter.

☞ When is a soldier's ammunition like a country road? Ans.—When it is full of cart-ridges.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," by T. S. Arthur. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Capt. L. B. Chase. ENIGMA.—Ericsson, the inventor of Monitors. RIDDLE.—Richmond. ANAGRAM ON ANIMALS.—Crocodile, Tapir, Coati, Hind, Eland, Gnor, Armadillo, Nyl-gau, Ermine, Weasel, Rhinoceros, Dromedary, Hartebeest, Hippopotamus, Sassaybe, Elephant, Chinchilla, Panther, Llamas.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published July 11th.—73.819 days, and 397.129 days. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published July 11th.—120 acres; length of sides, 160 and 40 rods; price per acre, $8.25.—E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Ecoller, Ohio.